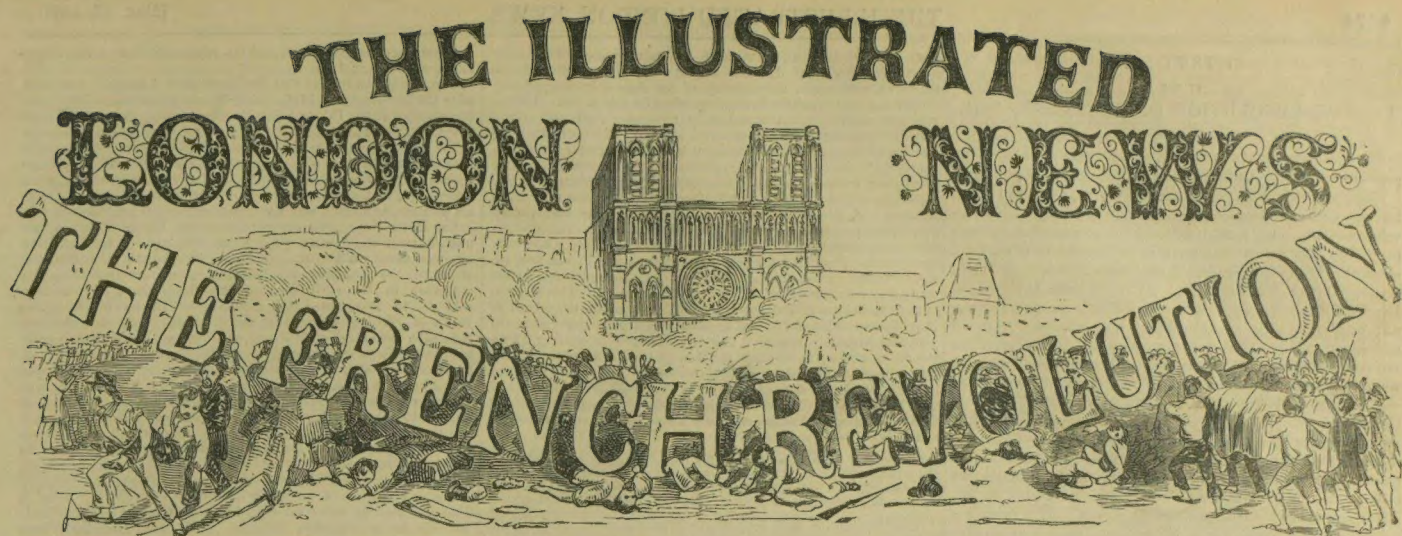


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION



No. 534.—VOL. XIX.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1851.

{ Two Numbers, 1s.
WITH SUPPLEMENT. GRATIS.

THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.



NO. 1.—TAKING THE WOUNDED TO THE AMBULANCE.



NO. 2.—WAGGON FOR THE WOUNDED.

HISTORY

OF THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION OF DECEMBER, 1851.

The Constitution of the French Republic of 1848 is no more. A great revolution has just been successfully accomplished in France. It differs essentially from the revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848, for these three manifestations emanated from the people. The revolution of December 2, 1851, achieved in the name of the French people, has been the act of an army, at the dictatorship of one man, elected in 1848 as the President of the French Republic. In 1789, the feudal system concentrated in the reigns from Louis XI. to Louis XVI., and the struggles between the Parliaments, the clergy, and the court in a nation exhausted by long wars, and worn out with exactions and oppression, terminated by the taking of the Bastille, the pioneer of the movement having been Lafayette, whose aspirations for freedom had been acquired during the war of American independence. The military genius of Napoleon transformed the government of France into a consulate, and then into an empire; his inordinate ambition drove him to Elba, and finally to St. Helena, and the arms of the allies caused the restoration of the Bourbons in the person of Louis XVIII. The tact and talent of that monarch preserved him the throne during his life. His successor was less fortunate; in Charles X., with many estimable qualities, there was a bigotry and obstinacy which ultimately led to the third emigration of the Bourbons from the French soil, leaving, however, the cunning head of the younger branch to profit by Charles X.'s perversity for Polignac, and for his attempt to put down journalism. The revolution of 1830 was not one of material interests, for the country was flourishing at home, and successful in its brilliant enterprises (as in Algiers and Spain) abroad. The Duke of Orleans became the citizen-monarch of the French by the instrumentality of the barricades. For nearly eighteen years did he maintain his throne; but his dynasty ceased in February, 1848, after a thirty hours' weak fight in the streets, and a simple proclamation of a provisional government. There were all the elements of force and duration for the Monarchy of 1830 had it been true to its origin. Louis Philippe refused reform, and his reign was over: the activity of the secret societies trampled over the supineness of the troops, and one of the most corrupt governments that ever ruled on earth was swept away.

It is a mistake to affirm that a power emanating from insurrection must perish by insurrection. Cromwell did not lose his Protectorate; the present House of Hanover sprang from a successful insurrection; the 18th Brumaire of Bonaparte did not cause his fall, or prevent his acquisition of the Imperial diadem. It is public opinion which pronounces ultimately the existence of dynasties and of governments. 1830 was the continuation of 1789, and 1848 was the legitimate consequence of Louis Philippe's oblivion of the revolutionary source from which he had sprung. The Bourbons have fallen by their faults; Bonaparte's star set when he ceased to be the people's Emperor. The Constitution of the French Republic of 1848 has been overthrown by a military usurpation, but not before the Legislative Assembly, by a course of undignified proceedings, had deprived itself of public regard and sympathy. To comprehend accurately the conduct of all parties in Paris, it will be necessary to supply a rapid summary of events since the proclamation of the Republic after Louis Philippe's deposition.

On the 24th of February, 1848, whilst the Deputies, in their own Chamber, proclaimed the Regency of the Duchess of Orleans, M. de Lamartine—speaking to another assembly, the populace, which was taking possession of the Palais Bourbon—asked for the formation of the Provisional Government, prior to the people in France being called upon to decide on their definitive form of government. On the 5th of March following, the National Assembly was ordered to be convoked, by universal suffrage, to decide the Constitution. On the 23d of April (Easter Sunday) the representatives were elected, and on the 4th of May the Assembly of 900 members constituted itself in Paris, amidst reiterated cries of "Vive la République!" and began to draw up the Constitution, in the midst of an insurrectional body of workmen, who, on the 15th of May, only eleven days after this National Assembly had met by virtue of universal suffrage, obtained possession of the Chamber, expelled the President from his chair, and for three hours anarchy reigned triumphant. The Assembly acted with dignity, and on the very evening resumed its sittings, after the defeat of the anarchists, and nominated its committee of eighteen to draw up the draft of the new Constitution: these members were MM. Cormenin (Tignon), Marrast, Lamennais (who resigned after two meetings), Vivien, De Tocqueville, Lefrançois, Martin (of Strasbourg), Coquerel (the Protestant pastor), Corbon, Thouriet (afterwards Minister), Wourhaye, Dupin, Gustave de Beaumont (ambassador to London subsequently), Vaulaboulle, Odilon-Barrot, Eugès (de l'Arige), Dorriès (who died of the wounds he received in the June days of 1848), and Victor Considérant. M. de Cormenin, chairman of this committee, quitted it at the first revision, and wrote a pamphlet against the first project of law, which was ready on the 17th of June. The horrible days of June began on the 23d; Paris was placed in a state of siege, and Cavaignac, materially aided by Changarnier and Lamoricière, and firmly supported by the army and National Guards, conquered the fierce Red Republicans, after torrents of blood had flowed in the streets. The draft of the bill for the Constitution went through the bureaux, or monthly standing committees, delegates of which were appointed to discuss the provisions of the bill, amongst whom were Thier, Berryer, Crémieux, Freslon, Duvierger de Hauranne, Parisot, &c. In twelve consecutive sittings the bill was revised, and ultimately M. Marrast, the reporter or secretary of the committee, presented the definitive project on the 30th of August. The debates thereon began September 30th, and were continued up to October 28th—more than three hundred amendments having been proposed and discussed. The labours of the committee for the revision lasted three days, and, finally, the definitive vote took place November 4th; and out of 769 voters, 739 passed the Constitution of the first Republic, only 30 blank balls being deposited in the urn against the law. During the discussions, the measures for public safety presented by the decrees of the 24th and 27th of June were vigorously enforced by Cavaignac, and order was gradually re-established, the state of siege being taken off on the 19th October. The labours of the committee and Assembly were in troubled times, and there can be no question that the decisions which were come to, were influenced by the current events of those momentous days. The political principles laid down in the new Constitution were, first, the solemn ratification of the Republican form of Government; and, secondly, universal and direct suffrage, as given by Lamartine's Provisional Government. The democratic movement was thus extended to its extreme limits; it was impossible to go beyond—*

any reaction must inevitably be retrograde. Still, the subversive Socialist doctrines were formally excluded in the new Constitution; the majority of the Assembly energetically supporting the committee in all its resolves on this point. The sovereignty of the people was solemnly recognised; all usurpations thereof were condemned in the first article—"No individual, no fraction of the people, can take upon itself the exercise of the sovereignty." In the organisation of the Executive power the first recognised authority is the "Legislative Power," centred in one Assembly of 750 members, or 900 if called upon to revise the Constitution. A Council of State was instituted, and the permanency of judicial positions preserved to the representatives of the people is specially recognised. Next to the Assembly the Executive Power was assigned to the President, elected for four years only: his re-election could only take place after an interval of four years. This election of the President was fixed for the second Sunday in the month of May, by the ballot and by the absolute majority of the voters, the National Assembly reserving to itself the right of electing a President out of the five eligible candidates who have obtained the largest number of votes, provided no one of them had obtained more than half of the votes, or at least two millions of votes. The oath prescribed to the President before the National Assembly in the Constitution, and which was duly sworn to by Louis Napoleon, is as follows:—

In presence of God, and before the French people, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties which the Constitution imposes on me.

The Constitution only subjects the President to a special oath, political oaths of fidelity on the part of all other functionaries having been abolished. Article 50 of the Constitution states that he can never command the army in person. By Article 51 he is prohibited from suspending in any manner the empire of the Constitution and laws, either by prorogation or dissolution of the Assembly. By Article 106 it is declared that a special law must determine the case in which the state of siege may be declared. The responsibility of the President for his governmental acts is laid down in Article 68, which adds:—"Every measure by which the President of the Republic dissolves the National Assembly, prorogues it, or puts any obstacle in the exercise of its mission, is a crime of high treason. By this single fact the President's functions expire, the citizens are bound to refuse obedience to him, and the Executive power passes with full right to the National Assembly. The judges of the High Court of Justice immediately are to meet, on pain of forfeiture; they are to convolve the juries in the places they may designate, to proceed immediately to the trial of the President and his accomplices."

So jealous were the framers of the Constitution as to the President's attributes, that they reserved the right of naming the members of the Council of State to the National Assembly, and of revoking them. Article 91 declares the judgments of the High Court of Justice, in prosecutions against the President of the Republic or the Ministers, to be final, no appeal to any other court being allowed.

In conformity with the special law of the National Assembly, of October 28, 1848, the election for President took place on the 10th and 11th of December, 1848; and Prince Louis Napoleon obtained 5,534,520 votes out of 7,426,252 persons who voted; General Cavaignac having 1,448,302; Ledru Rollin, 371,431; Raspail, 36,964; Lamarque, 17,914; Changarnier, 4687. There were 12,434 votes lost, and 23,219 blank ballots, or marked with some informality. It may be interesting to mention here, that the great Napoleon, on the three occasions that he took the votes of the French people—viz. the Consulate, year 8; the Consulate for life, year 9; and the Hereditary Empire—obtained 3,012,569, 3,577,259, and 3,244,244. Making allowance for the increase of population, the suffrages won by Prince Louis Bonaparte are enormous. The Royalists voted for him because they considered that with Cavaignac, who is a sincere Republican, the Republic would be of longer duration. The Reds voted en masse against Cavaignac, because of his victories over them during the June days.

The Constitution was promulgated in the Place de la Concorde, on the 12th of November, 1848, with grand ceremony, by Marrast, President of the Assembly, in presence of the Archbishop of Paris and clergy, the National Guards, the army, &c.; and "Te Deum" was sung, followed by the "Domine salvam fide Republicam." "How long will it last?" said the writer of this notice to a distinguished advocate. "Oh," replied he, "we shall have to manufacture another before the first President is made Emperor." This was said just a month prior to Louis Napoleon's election as President.

*Let it be recorded that General Cavaignac behaved most loyally to the Constitution, in the dignified resignation of his powers as President of the Council of Ministers charged with the Executive power in the sitting of December 20, 1848, of the National Assembly, at which the "citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, born in Paris,"—we quote the *procès verbal*—ascended the tribune at the invitation of the citizen President Marrast, who read the form of the oath, given above, and solemnly swore to remain faithful to the Constitution. In the speech which the President of the Republic made to the citizen representatives, after Marrast had called on "God and man" to bear testimony to the oath, he declared that the path of his duty was traced out, and he would follow it as a man of honour. He would consider as enemies of his country all those who should strive by illegal means to change what France had established. He wished to strengthen democratic institutions, and to re-establish society on its basis. The majority he had obtained not only inspired him with gratitude, but there was no authority. He eulogised the conduct of General Cavaignac as worthy of the loyalty of his character, and of that sentiment of duty which is the best quality of the chief of a state. "We have," concluded the President, "a grand mission to fulfil in founding a Republic in the interests of all, and a wise and firm Government, animated with the sincere love of progress, without being reactionary or Utopian. Be the men of the country, and not the men of a party, and, with the help of God, we shall do good, if not great things."*

If our readers will refer to the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of Nov. 29, it will be found that the President, on the occasion of the distribution of the medals to the French exhibitors at our Great Exhibition, made use of almost the same terms as "reactionary and utopian," when he pronounced against "demagogical ideas and monarchical institutions."

On the 15th of December the National Assembly declared the number of organic laws (ten) it would vote prior to dissolution, amongst which were the laws for the Council of State, the Electoral Law, Public Education, the Press, the state of Siege, &c. The famous debates on the Râteau-Larjunctais proposition, to fix the epoch for the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, came to an end on February 7, 1849. The new electoral law was passed March 15th: 750 members were to be returned for the departments, including three for Algiers, two for Martinique, two for Guadeloupe, one for Guiana, one for Senegal, and one for the Ile de la Réunion. The law putting down the clubs was voted by the Assembly by 404 against 303.

Twelve days after the promulgation of the Electoral Law the lists of electors were drawn up, and on the 13th of May, 1849,

the new elections took place, and the representatives of the Legislature were nominated.

Thus far it will be seen that the Constituent Assembly, convoked after the Revolution of 1848, voted, by an immense majority, the Constitution; that Prince Louis Napoleon, under the provisions of that Constitution, was elected President by an enormous majority in the country; that he accepted the Presidency of the Republic with all the conditions and responsibilities provided in the Constitution; and that he solemnly swore to its maintenance, with the full knowledge, that, at the expiration of four years, he was to resign his position, and make way for his successor. What followed?

*On Louis Napoleon's occupation of the Elysée Bourbon, his uncle's favourite residence (and which has been in turn occupied by the Comte d'Evreux, Madame Pompadour, the financier Beaujon, the Duchess of Bourbon, the Government printing-office in the early days of the Revolution; Murat, who sold it to Bonaparte; the Emperor of Russia in 1814, the Duke of Wellington in 1815, the Duc de Berri, and Madame Adelaide, Louis Philippe's sister), the most marked attentions were paid to the Royalists of the Faubourg St. Germain. The policy of the President at home was repressive of the extreme Republicans, and Absolutist as regarded foreign countries. The expedition to Rome to re-establish the authority of the Pope, must be fresh in everybody's recollection—the attack of the French Republic on the Roman Republic, for doing what the French nation did, what it invited all Europe to imitate, in 1848, is written in letters of blood in the book of history. But the elections of May, showing the progress of the Socialists in France, and particularly in the army, alarmed the party of order thoroughly. "Woe to France!" was the universal cry of the Moderates, although universally in a majority; but the Reds and Socialists were stronger than in the former Assembly, elected under the first impulse of the February revolution. And then were first heard the ominous words, "*coup d'état*." A Monarch, an Emperor, a Dictator—anything but the Socialists—were the agonised exclamations of those who had anything to lose. The expiring Constituent Assembly was very violent in its opposition to the Government, emboldened by the result of the elections. On the meeting of the Legislative Assembly affairs did not improve, but it put an end to imperial speculations for the moment, and it is a fact that the President anticipated very different returns. He was heard to declare that he would sooner be at Ham than in Paris. A foreign lady of distinction created no small sensation in the President's *salon* by her reply to his question, "Do you remain long in France?" "No, Prince," she answered, "do you?" Nothing could be more outrageous and violent than the early sittings of the Legislative Assembly. The Montagnards mustered 200 and upwards, the Monarchists under Molé about 300, and the moderate Republicans under Dufaure about 90. The President's message, giving a sad picture of the finances, added to the general gloom. The accession of M. de Falloux, the Henri Cinqist, and the Odilon-Barrot-Dufaure Ministry, created a great sensation. M. Dupin was elected President of the Assembly. The fall of Rome, the successful end of the Russian invasion of Hungary, and the termination of the risings in Italy and Germany, in the summer and autumn of 1849, strengthened the Conservative tendencies of Louis Napoleon's policy; and in September the trees of liberty were cut down in Paris, by order of the Government. In November there was a new Ministry, under Ferdinand Barrot, brother of Odilon Barrot; and General Baragney d'Hilliers superseded Oudinot at Rome. The popularity of the President gained ground. The Prefect of the Seine gave him a grand banquet on the anniversary of his election, December 10. In the early part of 1850 speculations were again rife as to the President's intentions. Would he play the part of his uncle, of a Cromwell, or of a Monk? In the midst of a complete anarchy of opinions, and the effervescence of parties, the President preserved the utmost coolness and impassibility: every party chief claimed him in turn. In March came the return of the three Socialist candidates for Paris—Carnot, Vidal, and De Flotte, followed by that of Eugène Sue, April 29; and universal suffrage was doomed. On the 8th of May M. Baroché submitted to the French Legislative Assembly the new Electoral Law. On the 14th the publication of three Republican papers was stopped, by seals being placed on M. Boule's presses. On the 17th, the recall of the French Ambassador from London, on account of the Greek negotiations, delighted the Parisians, and General La Hitte's language in the tribune was quite bellicose. At this period MM. Molé and Thiers, although not actually in power, were the most devoted friends and advisers of the President. The new Electoral Law passed on the 31st of May, 1850, disfranchising four millions of voters. Seizures of arms and ammunition took place, and risings were anticipated. The President's Donation Bill was carried on the 24th of June, after debate in which little or no respect was evinced for the head of the state. On the 10th of July the Assembly was prorogued, and Louis Napoleon commenced his famous "progress" through the departments, and made addresses to the troops, creating much speculation again as to his intentions. On the 11th of November, the Assembly opened the session. It was at this time generally known that the President had resolved either to prolong his power for another term of four years, or to try for the Consulate. General Changarnier, who was in command of the troops, supported by the two monarchical parties, it was equally understood, would oppose any *coup d'état*. Changarnier's designs became very mysterious, and the partisans of Henri Cinq, the adherents of the Orleans family, and the members of the Rouge party, equally looked up to the General as to the President for a *coup d'état*, but neither was fully prepared to make a movement. The President's messenger on the 12th of November, however, was considered, as far as words went, to be frank and explicit. He declared in this document that he was bound by his oath to keep within the strict limits of the Constitution, to which he would steadily adhere. If there was a wish for the revision of the Constitution, that wish must be addressed to the legislative power; and as he was the agent of the people, he should always conform to their desires when expressed in a legal manner. His anxiety was not to know who would govern France in 1852, but to employ the actual time in such a way, that, whenever a change should take place, it might be effected without trouble.*

This remarkable message concluded thus:—"The most noble and the most dignified object of an elevated mind is not to seek, when one is in possession of power, by what expedients it may be perpetuated; but to watch without ceasing over the means of consolidating, for the advantage of all, the principles of authority and of morality which defy the passions of men and the instability of the laws. I have honestly opened my heart to you. You will respond to my frankness by your confidence, to my good intentions by your co-operation, and God will do the rest."

Let us pause here, to repeat that the message was delivered on the 12th of November, 1850, and to add that the Constitution and the Legislative Assembly ceased to exist on the 2d of December, 1851!

The great question for the session 1850-51 was the revision of the Constitution. At the fête given by the City of Paris, at the Hôtel de Ville, on the second anniversary of his election, the greatest enthusiasm was excited by the President's speech in reply to that of the Prefect of the Seine, although the journals maintained that the Prince's address was a direct attack on the Revolution of February, and conveyed a slur on the Constituent Assembly.

** Prince Louis Napoleon was elected for Charente Inférieure, June 4th, 1848, receiving 84,420 votes, and the National Assembly verified the return; he was returned also for the departments of Yonne and the Seine.*

The year 1851 was inaugurated with complicated difficulties. The incongruous compound of heterogeneous politics, calling itself the "party of order," displayed inherent weakness and manifold contradictions. Intermittent intrigues, drivelling disputes, petty plots, and contemptible conspiracies abounded. The affair of the spy Allais, who was convicted of making false and calumnious denunciations, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, with a fine, developed details discreditable to all parties. The system of espionage would have disgraced even an Austrian bureau. M. Xon, the Commissary of Police of the Legislative Chamber, was forced to resign. Out of this scandal a misunderstanding arose between M. Dupin, the President of the Chamber, and the President of the Republic. On the occasion of the New Year the discussion was interrupted, for the Prince interrupted M. Dupin, in the midst of the customary flowery address of congratulation, dilating on the mutual "good understanding" between the Assembly and the President of the Republic, and of the attachment of the members to his person, by exclaiming, "I must believe it, M. le Président, because you say it." In his reply, the Prince addressed M. Dupin in the following manner, rendered not a little curious by recent occurrences:—

You and I, each in the limits of our attributes, must endeavour to enforce respect for the laws of the country, and the authority which is given to us by the Constitution, without encroachment on the one power or the other. I do not insist upon the prerogative of my powers, but I do insist upon the restoration to the people the power which I have received from it, to restore it intact and respected. My conviction is, that France wishes for peace and order, and it would blame the one of the two powers which would attack the other.

This language was employed by the President of the Republic on the 1st of January, 1851. Another dispute between the Government and the Legislative Assembly arose out of the arrest for debt of M. Mauguin, the well-known orator. The Minister of Justice having supported the arrest, the President of the Civil Tribunal of Commerce, that the arrest was legal, inasmuch as the Constitution of 1848 had not re-elected the provision, in the charter of 1830, giving personal protection to Deputies from arrest during the session, the Legislative Assembly, more out of pique against the Ministry than from a calm view of the law, passed a resolution ordering the immediate release of M. Mauguin. Thus the rascality of a police spy and the debts of a representative brought into collision the Legislative and Executive powers of the State, the unworkable character of the French Constitution being daily rendered more evident. It was clear that the President having no power to dissolve the Chamber, must either submit to its dictation, resign his own functions, or go beyond the pale of the law. A Ministerial crisis was the issue of this state of things in the second week of January, after the various checks the Cabinet had received, especially when a pointed refusal was given to allow the Minister of War a few hours to search for documents, in reply to a question from M. Napoleon Bonaparte, the representative, as to certain alleged unconstitutional standing orders for the guidance of the army in cases of insurrection. General Changarnier emphatically denied that such orders had ever been issued by him, as insinuated by the Minister of War. The President of the Republic displayed firmness in this crisis, by boldly dismissing Changarnier from the command of the army, and forming his new Cabinet. This was a mortal blow to the Parliamentary majority, as events have proved last week. The Assembly first had the notion of appointing Changarnier to command the force for the protection of the Chamber; if such nomination had taken place, there would inevitably have been a *coup d'état* at that period. The notion was abandoned as perilous, as was the one of replacing Dupin in the Presidency of the Assembly by Changarnier, and ultimately a committee to inquire into the state of the nation was resolved upon.

Louis Napoleon, it must be here remarked, made no secret of his positive intention to get rid of the article in the Constitution forbidding his own re-election, by fair means or foul. His Cabinet was then composed of MM. Baroche, Fould, Rouher, Parrien (in the former Ministry), Drouyn de Lhuys, General Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, M. Ducos, M. Magne, and M. Bonjean. General Perrot was the successor of Changarnier in the command of the National Guards; and General Baraguay d'Hilliers was nominated, in place of Changarnier, as the commander of the first military division; M. Carlier remained as Prefect of Police. The minutes of the Parliamentary commission which sat in Paris during the recess were expected to prove the existence of a plot to create the President Emperor of the French; but when these documents were published, no evidence was found to confirm the charge. The Assembly having passed a vote of non-confidence in the Ministry by 417 to 273, the new Cabinet resigned, and for the second time within ten days France was without a Government. A Socialist conspiracy was discovered at this moment, and nearly 100 arrests took place; but the law courts have left little trace of these alleged plots, the convictions bearing no proportion to the number of arrests.

The attempt to form an administrative proved unavailing; and the President, on the 24th of January, sent a message to the Assembly, announcing that he had formed a "Ministry of Transition, composed of special men, not belonging to any fraction of the Assembly, and determined to devote themselves to the business of the country without reference to party." In this state document posterity will have to pass judgment on the following passages, as compared with the proclamations of December 2.—

To the President of the National Legislative Assembly.

Public opinion, confiding in the wisdom of the Assembly and the Government, has not been alarmed at recent incidents. Nevertheless, France begins to suffer from the want of union, which she deploras. My duty is, to do all that depends on me to prevent disastrous results. The union of the two powers is indispensable to the repose of the country; but, as the Constitution has rendered them independent, the only condition of this union is a reciprocal confidence. Penetrated with this sentiment, I shall always respect the rights of the Assembly, while maintaining intact the prerogative of the power I hold from the people.

France wishes, above all, for repose, and she expects from those whom she has invested with her confidence conciliation with weakness, and tranquil progress and impassibility, while they respect the laws.

The names "unknown to fame" which composed this transition Ministry were MM. Brémont, de Germiny, de Royer, Magne, Waisse, Schneider, and Rear-Admiral Vaillant, many of whom were not even members of the Assembly. Public opinion being, however, in favour of the course pursued by Louis Napoleon, the majority did not make an attack on the new comers, as it had done on the defunct Baroche Cabinet. Still the great dispute between the French Executive and Legislative powers remained in full force, and one by one the leading members of both fractions of the Royalist party and those of the Orleans dynasty withdrew from the President's side. In Paris this was assuredly more a source of satisfaction than of regret, as the people had become tired of the futile negotiations between the two branches of the banished Bourbons. It was palpable that Louis Napoleon's game, to carry his purpose, ought to have been that of strict legality. The Assembly was, in point of fact, acting for the re-establishment as President, by rendering every other candidate impossible. The financial and banking interests seemed to feel the force of this situation, for the funds were higher at this period than at any one since the revolution of February. Taking advantage of his last moves on the political chess-board, the Prince induced his "Transitionists" to propose a new Dotation Bill, in the shape of an additional grant of 1,800,000 francs. The Chamber rejected this bill by a majority of 395 over 294. The

report of the committee was drawn up in a mean and narrow spirit, unworthy of a dignified Assembly of the French nation; but it was justly remarked in this document, that the "Presidency was not loyalty; that the President was only the first citizen, and head of the Executive power." Furthermore, the report insisted that this grant might be used for illegal political purposes. Despite of an eloquent address of M. Montalembert, in defence of Louis Napoleon, the Government was beaten, as we have stated. The next day (February 9) the *Moniteur* announced that the President refused to accept the subscriptions commenced in anticipation of the rejection of the bill, cordially thanking the donors for their imposing act of sympathy. This refusal pleased the Parisians, as the President's generosity and liberality have never been questioned. When he rode out on horseback from the Elysée he was much cheered for his self-denial.

After months of speculation as to the fusion of interests between the elder branch of the Bourbons and the Orleansists, a missive from Claremont was addressed by the Princes of the House of Orleans to the Committee in Paris, stating that they would only negotiate on the soil of France. This division in the opinions of the Monarchists came to increase the President's chances of re-election, as he became the only *homme de la situation*. He solved the difficult problem of forming a Cabinet, only in April, after many fruitless negotiations. The new Ministry consisted of MM. Baroche, Rouher, Fould, Léon Faucher, Buffet, Chasseloup, Laubert, de Croussilhès, Magne, and General Randon. The manifesto of the new Ministry, as may be guessed from Léon Faucher being a member thereof, contained an emphatic declaration to maintain order. M. de St. Baré's motion of a want of confidence was rejected by 327 against 275, and the Assembly, therefore, proved that it was not disposed to continue a factious opposition to the President.

The three questions now before the public were the hackneyed ones of the revision of the Constitution, the prolongation of the President's powers, and the fusion of the two Bourbon families. Journalism had become quite habituated to the severe laws to which it had been subjected under the Republican rule, and the signatures of the writers to the articles deprived them of the advantages, authority, and prestige of anonymous communications. At the close of April, it must be mentioned that the mysterious menaces of the writers in the *Constitutionnel* began to excite attention as to the plans of the President. Every *fête-day* was pointed out for an *émancipation* of the Reds, or for a *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon; but the 4th of May, the anniversary of the proclamation of the Constitution, passed off quietly. The negotiations to reconcile the Prince and Changarnier failed completely at this period. It is generally credited that *carte blanche* was offered to the General to induce him to support the revision of the Constitution, and to forgive the revocation of his command of the troops of the capital. The Legislative Assembly, on the 28th of May, entered upon the third and last year of its existence: from that date the Constitution admitted of any motion for its revision, and the tug of war between parties became more furious. To the success in the revision Louis Napoleon looked for the prolongation of his power; the Legitimists, on the other hand, suspected that the Republic might be upset with the revision, and Henri Cinq be placed on the throne; the Orleansists looked forward, on their part, to the advent of the Comte de Paris. In the meanwhile a great number of petitions, particularly in favour of the President, were poured in, praying for the revision. Louis Napoleon, at the opening of the Dijon Railway, threw down a gauntlet of defiance to the Legislative Assembly. General Changarnier thus prophetically attacked this address of Louis Napoleon:—

According to the assertions of certain parties, the army is ready, in its enthusiasm, to act against the laws of the country, and to change the form of Government. In the first place, and to show that such cannot be the case, it is sufficient for me to ask where is their motive for such enthusiasm? (Laughter on the Left) I may add that the army, profoundly penetrated with the sentiment of its duty, with the feeling of what is due to its own dignity, desires no more than to inflict on France the wretchedness and shame of the Government of the Cæsars, when Emperors were successively raised to power or hurled to the earth by drunken Praetorian guards. (Great agitation.) Discipline is deeply rooted in the French army. The soldier will always hear the voice of his chiefs; but no one will ever induce the soldiers to march against the Right—against the Assembly; not a single battalion could be induced to follow for such a purpose, whoever might be the officers whom they are accustomed to obey. Consequently, representatives of France, deliberate in peace. (Agitation.)

M. Léon Faucher, the Minister, in reply, repelled the insinuations of the ex-Commander-in-Chief, as to the complicity of the Government in some dark conspiracy. No Government could exist, he stated, without the discipline of the army being preserved; and all the Government wanted to do was, to maintain military discipline, while it upheld the cause of order by enforcing obedience to the law.

It was in the first week of June, 1851, that the above singular discussion arose. General Changarnier is now at Ham, and M. Léon Faucher is an object of suspicion to the Military Dictator of the day.

The Dijon speech was a most unfortunate one for the President. His position was strong and promising before that address; but the feud between him and the Assembly became irreconcilable, and every calm observer of events felt that a catastrophe was inevitable. However factions had been the conduct of the Assembly, Louis Napoleon was not justified in his reckless onslaught. It was not because the Chamber had displayed Republican antipathies and Monarchical tendencies, that the President should invoke brute force to carry his own views. He was, therefore, imprudent, hasty, and passionate in his diatribe. Lamartine said the state of things at this crisis clearly. There is not," he stated, "only the Republic on one side and Monarchy on the other, but there are on the one side two or three detestable anarchies, and on the other three or four feeble monarchies. Out of the detestable anarchies would inevitably surge the strong-handed despotism of the most unscrupulous soldier or most popular name of France; and out of the feeble monarchies would inevitably surge a speedy, and perhaps bloody, revolution."

During the deliberations of the committee of the Assembly respecting the bill for the revision of the Constitution, M. de Broglie, whose independent character is highly respected by all parties, declared that the dangers of 1851 could only be overcome by a revision of the Constitution. He believed that, as regards the motives imputed to the President of the Republic, though he (M. de Broglie) was neither his Minister, counsellor, nor his friend, Louis Napoleon had no intention whatever of attempting an 18th Brumaire. Whatever faults might be found in Louis Napoleon, if faults they were, must be attributed, not to the man, but to the Republic which had elected a President without controlled power. Had the object been to create a President with limited power, he should have been elected in quite a different manner. M. de Tocqueville's long report was read in the Assembly on the 8th of July; its chief recommendation was that a Constituent Assembly should be convoked, for the purpose of revising and amending the existing Constitution. M. de Tocqueville affirmed the absolute necessity of observing the existing Constitution, should the proposed revision be rejected. If there were one unconstitutional election, the entire Constitution would be violated; that is, if Prince Louis Napoleon were re-elected. M. de Tocqueville pointed out the dangers and inconveniences arising from the Presidency and the Assembly being equally powerful and independent of each other, without any supreme power

to decide between them. The discussion began on Monday, July 14th. The most brilliant displays of oratory ever heard in the tribune were listened to with profound attention and emotion in the crowded galleries. A fearful crisis was felt to be at hand. M. Dufaure, M. de Falloux, M. Berryer, General Cavaignac, M. Michel (de Bourges), M. Victor Hugo, and M. Odilon-Barrot were the chief speakers. On the division, 446 were in favour of the revision, and against it only 278, thus leaving a majority of 168 in favour of the motion; but, according to the 11th article of the Constitution, three-fourths of the number of voters would only constitute the legal majority, and, as there were 724 voters, it required 543 members to carry the proposition. The "revision" was therefore lost. The Reds and the Republican Left hailed the result as a great triumph. A short Ministerial crisis took place after the vote, arising out of attacks of the Assembly on the Minister of the Interior; but the Cabinet was prevailed upon by the President to remain in office.

The President of the Republic having declared that he was the only person who was not permitted, according to the Constitution, to demand its revision, some surprise was felt during the discussion at the language of M. Baroche, the Minister, who not only attacked the Constitution in its details, but in its origin, maintaining that it was virtually defunct, having emanated from intimidation. This anomalous spectacle of a Minister insulting, as it were, the source of his own mission and authority created a prodigious disturbance in the Assembly, and M. Dufaure administered a severe castigation. General Baraguay d'Hilliers was replaced in the command of the army of Paris by General Magnan.

On the 29th of July a motion for prorogation from August 10th to November 4th was carried in the Assembly, by 420 against 232, with a Committee of Permanence to meet during the recess. The Exhibition *fêtes* in the first week in August will be fresh in the recollection of our readers, who are reminded of the predictions of many of the English visitors, especially those appertaining to the Corporation, as to the apparent durability of the Republican Constitution. The imperial airs and state of the Palais of St. Cloud struck many observers at the time. The gloomy abstraction of the President, and the sad misgivings of the leading political men in their intercourse with the English exhibitionists, did not escape notice; and, on the whole, the convictions of those who knew France and Frenchmen well at this epoch were, that the President's career under the Constitution was at an end. In the Committee of Permanence were the names of Changarnier, Didier, Berryer, Pussé, De Montebello, Barthélemy, Ponjoubat, De Mehan, Rullière, &c. A manifesto of the Mountain was published, declaring the truth, that there was less liberty under the Republic than under the Monarchy. They formally gave notice, that they would place themselves at the head of the people, to oppose any illegality.

A novel feature in the agitation of party feeling in France was the proposition to bring forward the Prince de Joinville as candidate for the vacant Presidency, in May, 1852. In August M. Thiers and his friends were resolved to present him to the nation. Some of the Orleansists contended that a son of Louis Philippe could not, with any dignity, be a rival to the prisoner of Ham, condemned for conspiracy against his father, or to Ledru Rollin, or any house-purloining candidate; but it was replied, that, if the ex-French Admiral were elected, he would serve, as he had declared that he would never be wanting in France, if called upon.

Against the Prince de Joinville the Reds had the idea of starting M. Carnot. The Duc de Bordeaux (Comte de Chambord) about this time was compelled to write to his adherents in Paris to be united, and to respect the authority of M. Berryer, as leader. Thus every party was split into sections. A project, put forward by the editor of a Bonapartist journal, suggesting that, in order to "save France," the new National Assembly should be elected, not at the end of next April, according to the Constitution, but in December next, is a key to the present situation. The project was scouted, as, if acted on, stated the opponents, "France would have two Legislatures, one in existence, the other in expectancy, and the Constitution declares that the Legislative Assembly can neither dissolve itself or be dissolved." A further inkling of the designs of the President may be found in the ordinance of the Prefect of Police ordering all foreigners, under pain of expulsion, to obtain special licences to remain. Many foreigners were expelled on this occasion, and the motive is now evident. At the meetings of the Council-General nearly three to one voted for the revision of the Constitution. An Orleansist journal maintained early in September that the Prince de Joinville, in becoming a candidate for the Presidency, "would not violate an oath, and trample under foot the Constitution and the laws," a foregone conclusion of the shrewd writer as to the President's determination to become a candidate *per fas aut nefas*. The press prosecutions in September were unrelenting on the part of the French Government, and such was the general uneasiness at the rickety state of affairs, that no public ceremonial or assemblage of any kind could take place without the most sinister rumours of a *coup d'état*, or of a "Red" rising. The President, however, laid the first stone of the new markets without a demonstration, except from the "Dames de la Halle" (vendors of vegetables and fruit), who went up to the Elysée with a large bouquet for the President, who, in turn, treated them, as he did his troops on all occasions, with champagne.

In October the hitherto discordant parties of the two Royalist branches were coming to an understanding; the nomination of the Prince de Joinville was gradually dropping by the Orleansists; and the Legitimists reconciled their differences by a general declaration to oppose the re-election of Louis Napoleon, and to maintain the Constitution. The moderate Republicans evinced signs of coalescing with the Monarchists of all colours to support order and legality. M. Léon Faucher's language at Rheims, when he talked of "breaking down barriers" and "removing obstacles," gave rise to some suspicions; but to the honour of the Minister be it recorded that his conduct last week has proved that he has been no party to any assault on the laws and Constitution. A general feeling pervaded all classes, save that of Louis Napoleon, that the electoral law of the 31st of May should not be repealed for the sake of allowing France was interpreted as exhibiting the tendencies of the President's Government in favour of the Absolutist powers. The Minister of War was obliged to put a stop to the violent orders of the day of some of the commanding officers of regiments, who did not hesitate to tell the soldiers that they were to slaughter, without remorse, all their countrymen entertaining democratic opinions. A letter from Paris of October 11th mentioned that a *coup d'état*, the repeal of the electoral law of May 31st, and the forcible dissolution of the National Assembly, were resolved upon. It is certain that Louis Napoleon at this date had decided on the restoration of universal suffrage, and his Ministers, being opposed to this course, resigned on the 14th of October, as also M. Carlier, the Prefect of Police. This astounding resolution of the President created a deep sensation throughout the country. The exasperation of the Parliamentary majority was very great, as the leaders considered themselves betrayed by the President, whom they had supported in the passing of the law of the 31st of May repealing universal suffrage.

We are now approaching the dénouement of this great political drama, the fresh shift in the kaleidoscope, the new move on the board in the game on which the supremacy of France is staked, and the final outbreak of the long-pent-up volcano. On Tuesday, the 4th of November, was the



NO. 3.—MAIRIE OF THE 10TH ARRONDISSEMENT.—ARREST OF REPRESENTATIVES.—M. BERRYER ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE.

OPENING OF THE NATIONAL LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

The Cabinet was reconstructed prior to the meeting; the members were MM. Davil, Turgot, Charles Geraud, De Thorigny, Casabianca, Lacrosse, Fortoul, Blondel. Of these illustrious obscurities, who held a month's office, it is unnecessary to speak; the significant appointments were those of M. de Maupas, Prefect of the Hauts Garonne, as the successor of M. Carlier as Prefect of Police; and of General Le Roy de St. Arnaud, Commander of the 2d division of the Army of Paris, as Minister of War, in place of General Randon. We must not overlook the fact, that the *Constitutionnel*, the Bonapartist organ, referred to an appeal to the country at once, on the subject of the Presidency, as the natural sovereign arbitrator between the National Assembly, which refused revision, and the two millions of petitioners with the eighty Councils-General which demanded it, although the other Government

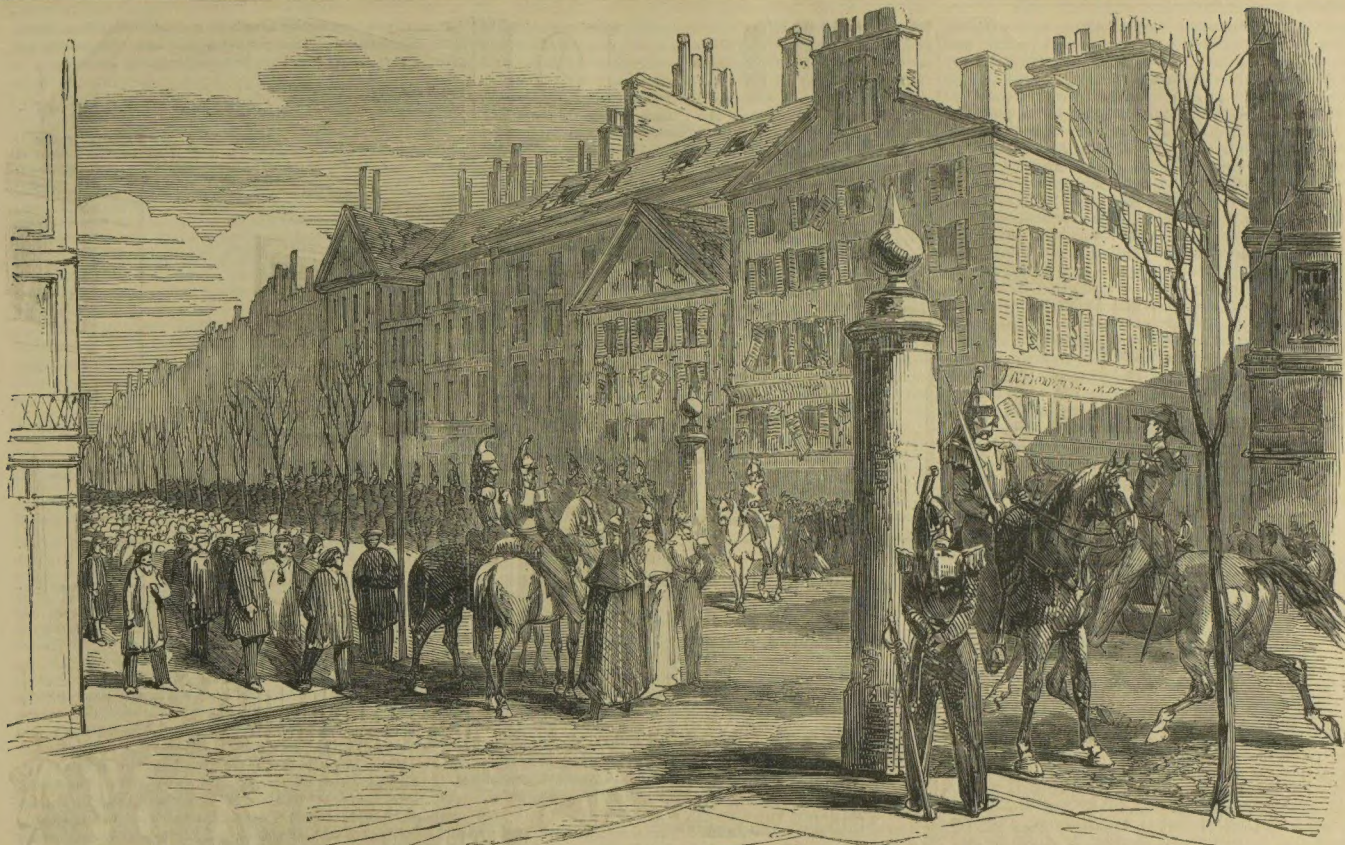
organ, *La Patrie*, denied that such a proposition would be submitted in the message. On the 4th of November this lengthy document was read. It opened with a reference to a vast demagogical conspiracy organising throughout France and Europe. "Your patriotism and courage," said the President, "with which I shall endeavour to keep pace, will, I am sure, save France from the dangers wherewith she is threatened." But the vital portion of the message is that in reference to the restoration of universal suffrage, reproduced in *extenso* in our columns of the 8th November.

The message was followed by the introduction of the project of law, by M. Thorigny, proposing the complete abrogation of the law of May 31, 1850, and re-establishing the electoral law of March 15th, 1849. The demand of the Minister for urgency, equivalent to our suspension of the standing orders to pass a bill rapidly, was negatived by an immense majority, by *assise et levée*, that is, by no formal vote, but "sit-

ting and rising," after the fashion of our show of hands. In the committee the rejection of the project of law was resolved upon, M. Daru reading the report to the Assembly, November 11th. On the 13th the debate commenced, and on the division the bill was lost by 355 against 348. This insignificant majority of seven, which vote, by the way, was the first important piece of political information transmitted by the submarine telegraph, was most assuredly a triumph for the President, for a much larger majority had been anticipated. Prior to this decision, on Sunday, November the 9th, Louis Napoleon had a grand military demonstration: all the officers of the regiments forming the garrison of Paris were presented to him at the Elysée; he harangued them to the effect, that, if the gravity of circumstances should cause him to make an appeal to their devotedness, he was sure they would not fail him, for he would ask from them nothing not in accordance with his right, with military honour, and with the in-



NO. 4.—THE FIRST BARRICADE, CORNER OF THE RUE DES GRANDES AUDRIETTES.



NO. 5.—THE BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE.

terests of the country, because he had placed at their head men whom he had full confidence; and because, if the day of danger should come, he would not, like the Governments that had preceded him, cry "March, I follow you!" but "I march—follow me!" So alarmed were the Ministers at this speech, which can now be no longer regarded as extraordinary, that they introduced the words "recognised by the Constitution" instead of those of "my right." At the time, this address was looked upon as singular, inasmuch as the President, by the Constitution, could not even command a corporal's guard. In remarking on the expulsion of the 500 members of the Assembly by 300 grenadiers—the never-to-be-forgotten 18th Brumaire—Mignet, the historian, says:—"L'on ne voyait pas encore dans ce mouvement l'agrandissement d'un homme, d'un seul homme, qui changerait la France en un régiment, et ne ferait entendre dans le monde, si longtemps agité

par des commotions morales, que les pas de son armée et le bruit de sa volonté." Is the 2d of December to be another 18th Brumaire?

The Legislative Assembly, on the 17th of November, was signally beaten, in an attempt, through the Questors, to obtain the exclusive command of the troops, instead of sending orders through the Minister of War. The proposition was rejected by 408 against 300, although in the minority were Cavaignac, Changarnier, and Lamoricière. The largeness of the majority is ascribed to the knowledge that a *coup d'état* would have been tried at once, as the President had resolved to put down the Assembly, and appeal to the army and people. The scene in the Chamber was frightful, from the violence of the representatives. Louis Napoleon's position by this vote was decidedly ameliorated. On the next day he was well received at the Champ de Mars by the troops; in the evening the military gathering at the

Elysée was very great. The foreigners in Paris, however became alarmed at the aspect of affairs, and the panic became evident from the increased departures. Daily did Louis Napoleon review the troops on the Champ de Mars. Some Ministerial changes did not excite the least attention, so absorbed were the people in the expectation of a movement. At the distribution of the Great Exhibition medals, the President attacked the Assembly, the Monarchists, and the Demagogues, and emphatically assured his astonished auditory, that he would maintain order whatever might happen, having the "right which came from the people, and the force which comes from God." The Assembly, in its turn, was not less hostile, as the organic law framed by the Council of State, on the responsibilities of the President and his Ministers, after being dormant for upwards of two years, was suddenly brought forward, and a committee of nearly a



NO. 6.—BARRICADE, BOULEVARD BONNE NOUVELLE.

Montagnards and Legitimists was appointed to report on its provisions, one of which pronounced it to be high treason if the President provoked a violation of the 45th article of the Constitution, declaratory that the President is only re-eligible when four years shall have elapsed from the period of his quitting office. On the 24th of November appeared the famous article in the *Constitutionnel*, from the pen of M. Granier de Cassagnac, charging the leaders of the "party of order" with being engaged in a conspiracy against Louis Napoleon. M. Créton called the writer a wretched scribbler in the Assembly, and was challenged forthwith by Cassagnac; but M. Créton retorted, that, as he (the editor) was no gentleman, he (the representative) would not fight. The Minister of the Interior, being called upon, denied that the Government had any information as to such conspiracy, so as to bring the matter before the tribunals. The funds fell on the Stock Exchange at Cassagnac's article, which derived its chief force from the connexion of the writer with the Elysée.

It is important to state what is the most authentic information as to this alleged conspiracy to send Louis Napoleon to Vincennes. It was a general understanding amongst the leaders of the party of order to arrest the President, provided he went beyond the pale of the Constitution, and to have then taken the government out of his hands and placed it in the keeping of a General. On the other hand, in many clubs in Paris, during the last week of November, it was confidently declared that the plan for getting rid of the Assembly had been resolved upon, and lists of representatives to be banished were mentioned. Whilst the Assembly was displaying weakness and inconsistency, the machinations were maturing to dissolve it. So decidedly was the Legislature playing the President's game, that there can be little doubt, if he had only waited, he might have had the Presidency, from sheer impossibility to bring forward another candidate. On the 27th the committee charged with the examination of the project of law of responsibility adjourned the question of urgency. On the 29th of November (Saturday), on the debate of the electoral law, M. De Larochefoucauld's amendment, to reduce to one year house occupation for voters, was lost. On the 1st of December was the

LAST SITTING OF THE NATIONAL LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

At this final meeting, M. Léo de Laborde brought in a proposition demanding the pure and simple re-establishment of "Legitimist Monarchy." M. Dupin, the President, refused to accept this proposition as unconstitutional. M. De Larochefoucauld supported the introduction of the motion, but after a short debate the Assembly passed to the order of the day, by an immense majority. After a debate on the Lyons and Avignon Railroad, the third deliberation of the Electoral Law commenced. The discussion turned on the proof of residence. An amendment of M. Chausseur to substitute the evidence of domicile by common law instead of by special process, established in the law of the 31st of May, was rejected by 370 against 220, and the Assembly adjourned. There was not a whisper or a rumour of a *coup d'état*; but before daybreak on the memorable 2d of December troops occupied the Legislative Palace, with orders not to allow any representatives to enter.

MONDAY, DECEMBER THE FIRST.

M. L'Amiralier's new opera, "Le Château de la Barbe Bleue," was produced at the Opéra Comique on the 1st inst.; the theatre was crammed to suffocation; the musical critics were conning over their future *feuilletons*, "looking as grave and attentive," writes a correspondent of the *Times*, "as though they were going to write their critiques as usual, and as though, if written, they would be printed, and, if printed, read. General Cavaignac and M. Thiers were among the audience, and, strange enough, by the side of the former sat M. de Morny, Minister of the Interior, the only one who could be persuaded to affix his signature to those decrees of the President which on the following morning awoke the astonishment of the Parisians. General Cavaignac was to have been married on the next day. M. de Morny was at the Jockey Club, Rue Lepelletier, until two in the morning of Tuesday, playing at cards. At the Grand Opera there was not a notion in the *foyer* of coming events. The President of the Republic had a brilliant reception at the Elysée; he was more than usually animated and affable. General St. Arnaud, the Minister of War, was the last to leave; and, although the *coup d'état* had been daily expected for months, Paris was struck as if by a thunderbolt by its appearance. In similar seeming security the Duke of Wellington and his brilliant staff of officers were dancing at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, at Brussels, on the eve of the eventful battle of Waterloo, when the trumpets suddenly sounded the order to march to the field, which many of those gallant fellows never left again. The arrangements of the President were certainly of the most sweeping and comprehensive character. He first wrote letters to the Ministers, stating that his mind was made up—that he would not allow himself to be scolded by the Assembly; but that he was unwilling to compromise them, and suggested that they should send in their resignations. These letters were despatched after the reception had broken up on Monday night, and, as a matter of course, were replied to in the affirmative. Meantime the President, who would not trust even the *Moniteur* with his plans, had proclamations printed at a private printing-press in the Elysée, at which the *Napoleon* newspaper used to be worked off.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2.

The troops took military possession of Paris between five and six o'clock in the morning. Between the hours of seven and eight they detached in which the most confidence was placed were stationed in compact masses at the Place de la Concorde, the Pont Louis XV., and in the vicinity of the Assembly. The African Chasseurs (riflemen) took possession of the Palace of the Legislative Assembly. Their positions taken, rations of meat, wine, and brandy were distributed to the men. The melancholy sight was then witnessed of officers touching glasses with the corporals and privates, and exciting their animosity against the Assembly. To conceal the odium of the act they were about to accomplish from these misguided men, the initiated, who had their instructions, spread the report through the ranks that the leaders of the Monarchist factions had been taken in the flagrant act of conspiring against the authority and the life of the President. They were promised, moreover, to be led to battle against the members of the Mountain and the Socialists. The occupation of the Hall of the Assembly was simply a precaution taken that the leaders of the conspirators and insurgents might not form themselves into a national convention.

The Bonapartists affirm, that M. L. N. Bonaparte, having been informed on Monday night that a meeting was held at General Changarnier's house, attended by M. Thiers, M. Baze, and others of the chiefs of parties, at which it was decided that he should be arrested, the Assembly prorogued or dissolved, and no doubt the Republic abolished, resolved to anticipate the blow by arresting his enemies, dissolving the Assembly, and nullifying the Constitution.

"An eye-witness of the facts," writes a correspondent of the *Chronicle*, "can tell you what I saw. It is not true that MM. Thiers, Changarnier, Lamoricière, Bledin, &c., were assembled together when they were arrested. Each of these gentlemen was seized in his bed, between the

hours of three and five in the morning, in the same manner and by the same individuals who are appointed to arrest criminals. They were arrested by *sergens de ville*. The agents were ignorant why they arrested them. I know that M. Thiers was led off without being allowed to speak to his wife, or any other member of his family. General Cavaignac was allowed to write a line to the parents of the young lady to whom he was on the eve of being married. It is asserted, and I believe it to be true, that General Bledin, Vice-President of the Assembly, attempted to defend himself, and that he gave and received wounds in the struggle that ensued. It is also said that General Lamoricière resisted, and was handcuffed. Some of the friends of General Charras state that the General made a formidable resistance."

The walls of the capital at daybreak were placarded with the proclamations and decrees of the President of the French Republic to the French people and to the army, with the proclamation of the Prefect of Police (M. Maupas), his circular to the Commissioners of Police, the decrees relative to the taking of the opinion of the nation as to Louis Napoleon's future presidency of ten years, circulars of the Minister of War to the Generals and Chiefs of Corps, and of the Minister of the Interior, nomination of the Provisional Consultative (M. Léon Faucher protested against his name being inserted therein). All these decrees were published in our last week's impression, with Faucher's letter.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

The following are the names of the new Cabinet:—

Minister of the Interior	M. De Morny.
Minister of Finance	M. Fould.
Minister of Justice	M. Rouher.
Minister of Public Works	M. Magne.
Minister of Marine	M. Dacot.
Minister of Commerce	M. Ledru-Rollin.
Minister of War	General De St. Arnaud.
Minister of Public Instruction	M. Fortoul.
Minister of Foreign Affairs	M. Turgot.

MEETING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

On the first news of the preparations to prevent the legal meeting of the Assembly, a number of representatives belonging to the most moderate party assembled spontaneously at M. Odilon-Barrot's. MM. de Rémusat, Passy, Dufaure, the Duc de Broglie, the secretaries of the bureau of the Assembly, signed a first protest against the *coup d'état* which was about to be perpetrated, and against the decrees of the President which were already being posted in the streets. The members present at this first *réunion* then separated, with a view to arouse their friends and the population, and to invite all the friends they could muster to meet without delay at M. Daru's, Vice-President of the Assembly (M. Dupin having been arrested and kept a prisoner at the hall of the Assembly).

The *réunion* at M. Daru's was a numerous one, considering that many of the representatives had already been arrested, that many were not aware that the meeting was to be held, that the Elysées and the Mountain did not attend. Nearly 200 members were present. They resolved to proceed in a body to the Assembly to take evidence of the opposition made to their legally assembling. This procession of men, most of them well known to the population, headed by the honourable members of the bureau of the Assembly, having passed through the few streets that separate M. Daru's house from the Palace of the Assembly, without having created any emotion in their favour, presented themselves at the usual entrance. The African Chasseurs hailed their arrival with savage shouts and brutal insults. The representatives insisted upon admission, and some of them having attempted to force their way a struggle ensued, in which the chasseurs made use of their bayonets and the butt end of their muskets, wounding some of the representatives, among others MM. Etienne and Chégaray. Driven back by armed force, and thus prevented, in the face of heaven, from fulfilling the duties of their calling, they returned, as they came, to the house of M. Daru, to draw up and sign an official statement of the facts. This second protest was signed by the bureau of the Assembly, and by all the members present, including the signatures of Count Moïé the Duke of Broglie, MM. Dufaure, Passy, Odilon Barrot, and others.

These gentlemen, thinking they had not done enough to inform the still passive population of what was really taking place, resolved to proceed forthwith to the Mairie of the tenth *arrondissement*. There another imposing and solemn scene took place.

For the space of nearly three hours a regular sitting was held in the hall of the Mairie. The legal Assembly of the country, unsupported, it is true, by the population, surrounded shortly after by the military, a force which for a time hesitated how to act, deliberated and voted:—

1. A proclamation to the people, and to the army.
2. A decree deposing the President.

These deliberations took place calmly, and, after *appel nominal*, the vote was passed unanimously.

The Commissary of Police, and the officers in command of the troops, who had meantime surrounded the building, were then admitted. The President then read aloud the following articles of the Constitution:—

1. The article which declares the President to have forfeited his powers, should he propose the meeting of the Assembly.
2. The article which confers all the powers upon the Assembly, including those of the President, should the latter have recourse to violence against it.

Taking, then, the penal code, the president warned them of the penalties they were liable to incur in lending armed assistance to an authority which was faulty in its origin, and at that moment deposed and brought before a high court of justice. He called upon them in the name of the constitutional law, of which he was the representative and the organ, not to execute the illegal and criminal orders which they had received, but rather to give their aid to the Assembly, the sole representative of the French nation. This appeal embarrassed them somewhat, but did not prevent the execution of their orders; the appeal found no support in the population assembled near the Mairie. The attempts of some of the members, both civil and military, to engage the sympathies of the crowd, were not attended with success. The soldiers evinced an inclination to arrest what they termed the recalcitrants.

It was at this moment that a spectacle took place, which, in other times, and in another country, would have aroused public indignation. The persons already named, all present, to the number of 200 to 250, representatives of the people, elected two years since by universal suffrage, by an immense majority of men of every opinion, were designated to the ill-will of the soldiery. Men with European reputation, such as MM. Odilon, Montebello, Odilon-Barrot, Duc de Broglie, Dufaure, &c., were seized by the collar like ordinary criminals, and conducted two by two between two files of soldiers from the Mairie of the 10th *arrondissement* to the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay, from whence they were sent in detachments to Fort Valérien, a military prison, and to the prison Mazas, where criminals of the worst description are incarcerated.

Whilst the Assembly was sitting in the 10th *arrondissement*, the nine members of the Court of Cassation, constituted, according to the terms of the Constitution, a high court of justice, met officially to depose the President of the Republic. Respected like the *réunion* at the Mairie, it had time to enregister, that, assembled in the name of the laws of the country, it would only separate if compelled to do so by violence.

Thus, three solemn protests have been made at three different times, and in different places. These protests of right against might were not attended with any result at Paris; they were scarcely known there.

PROTEST OF M. MOLÉ.

Count Molé addressed the following letter to the *Journal des Débats*:—

Paris, Dec. 2, 1851.
Monsieur,—Permit me to ask you to insert this letter, which I send at the same time to the *Moniteur*. After having been this morning expelled from the residence of M. Daru, Vice-President of the National Assembly, with all the rest of my colleagues who had assembled there to protest against violence and oppression, I vainly attempted to join the members of the Assembly who had met at the 10th *arrondissement*. Numerous troops prevented me, as well as several other representatives, from reaching the door of the Mairie. I now have recourse to your columns to declare that I join fully in the conduct and acts of my colleagues assembled at the Mairie of the 10th *arrondissement*, and that, if it had depended on me, I should have shared their fate.—Respectfully, Monsieur, &c.,
MOLÉ.

DECREE OF DEPOSITION AGAINST THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

The following is the text of this decree, signed by the Representatives:—

FRENCH REPUBLIC.—NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

EXTRAORDINARY REUNION HELD AT THE MAYORALTY OF THE TENTH ARRONDISSEMENT.

Seeing the term of Article 68 of the Constitution;
Seeing that the National Assembly is hindered by violence from fulfilling its mandate;

Decrees:
Louis Napoleon (*est déchu*) is deprived of his functions as President of the Republic.

Citizens are commanded to refuse obedience to him. The Executive power passes *de plein droit* into the hands of the National Assembly.

The judges of the High Court of Justice are required to meet immediately, under penalty of forfeiture, to proceed to judge the President and his accomplices. It is consequently enjoined on all functionaries and depositaries of authority to obey to every requisition made in the name of the Assembly, under pain of forfeiture and high treason.

Decreed in public sitting, the 2d of December, 1851.

The representatives of the Left issued a similar decree.

M. L. N. Bonaparte, attended by a large staff, and accompanied by Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, left the Elysée at about half-past ten o'clock in the morning, and went along the Quais. He was saluted with loud cries of *Vive la République!*

It is a curious fact, in connexion with the important events of this day, that the 2d of December is the anniversary of the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon in 1804, and of the battle of Austerlitz in 1805.

Only two journals, *La Patrie* and *Le Constitutionnel*, were allowed to appear on Tuesday without control. The *Débats* and other journals which were published were not permitted to make comments on passing events. Eight morning papers were suspended, including *La Presse* (Girardin), *L'Avénement* (Victor Hugo), *L'Ordre* (Odilon-Barrot), *La République*, *L'Opinion Publique* (Legitimist), &c.

On the evening of Tuesday, although grave forebodings of disaster had already spread themselves throughout the city, the Théâtre Italien was filled by a brilliant and well-dressed audience, to witness the *début* of the tenor Guasco in *Ernani*. A short calm, a brief suspension of military operations, and unimpeded circulation in the Boulevard des Italiens were enough to quiet the apprehensions of this amusement-loving people, whose elasticity of temperament is one of their most singular characteristics. The *foyer* this time was not in the theatre, but on the Boulevards, where numbers of the audience buried, between the acts, to inform themselves about the aspect of affairs. Seeing nothing, however, but a moving crowd, hearing nothing but the same monotonous cry of "*Vive la République!*" as the military passed up and down, they returned to the theatre, and for a time forgot the threatened crisis in the singing of Mlle. Cruvelli, the *Eltira* of the evening. After the opera had terminated most of the *cafés* were still open, and some few of them did not close their doors until an unusually late hour.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3.

THE FIGHTING.

The public excitement greatly increased to-day. At an early hour the decrees of the 200 representatives, headed by M. Berryer, declaring Louis Bonaparte *hors la loi*, for having violated the Constitution, was stuck up in a great number of places; but *sergens de ville* were sent everywhere to tear it down. This they did amidst the angry murmurs of the groups who had assembled. The same decrees in the course of the night or the preceding evening were slipped beneath the doors of vast numbers of houses. It was printed in the form of a newspaper column, with evident marks of haste. It clearly emanated from the office of a Legitimist or Orleanist journal. It is signed G. M. Benoist d'Azy, a Legitimist, Vice-President of the Assembly; and M. Vitet, an Orleanist, also Vice-President. In a constitutional point of view it possessed all the force of law, although the representatives by whom it was adopted were arrested. In the course of the day copies of it were stuck up in a multitude of places, chiefly, it was rumoured, by representatives of the people. The decrees of the 200 representatives assembled at the 10th Mairie were carried to the Court of Cassation which immediately assembled and proclaimed the deposition of the President in terms of the resolution of the Assembly, but at that moment an order arrived from the Minister of Justice, that the court should proceed no further in the affair, and they immediately adjourned, and a decree for its dissolution followed soon afterwards. During the morning several additional regiments entered Paris, and were cantoned on the Boulevards and various quarters of the city. Appeals to arms in manuscript, some in red and others in black, were posted up early in the morning, signed by leading members of the Mountain, and some of the more energetic commenced haranguing the populace in the Boulevards, and reading the decrees of the representatives for the deposition of the President.

On the morning of Thursday a new list of the members of the Consultative Commission appeared in the *Moniteur*. Of the 120 names published the preceding day, eighty-one, whose names were published without their consent, refused to accept.

It will be thus perceived that the publication of the names in the first decree was what the *Times* calls a "political forgery," being unsanctioned by the great majority of the persons who bear them. The second list presents a very different appearance, and scarcely contains any names of note except those of the immediate partisans of the President.

On Wednesday the Minister of the Interior sent a circular to all the prefects of the departments, accompanied by five copies of the proclamations published the day preceding.

In the course of the 5th was issued the address of the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards of the Seine, signed by Lawestine, General-in-Chief, and Vieyra, Colonel of the Staff.

The semi-official report of the day's fighting was given in *La Patrie* of Wednesday evening, as follows:—"We are informed that orders were given to the demagogic sections to meet this morning, at seven o'clock, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. The Prefect of Police had pre-

scribed the most energetic and efficacious measures to defeat the designs of those exulters of disturbance, who, emboldened by former successes, had not reckoned on the resolute action of the authorities. The meeting decided on by the committees held here and there during the night did not take place. The *frères et amis* did not respond to the summons. During the first hours of the morning the faubourgs were calm, and the shops were open as usual. The wine-shops of the faubourgs, however, gradually filled, and among the persons who entered were remarked a considerable number of those sinister faces which are seen whenever the enemies of order meet in days of crisis. The Prefect of Police soon ascertained that deliberations were going on. Towards ten o'clock groups were formed in several parts of the faubourg, and in some of the adjacent streets. Several Montagnard ex-representatives, and some men armed with fowling-pieces and poignard-knives, were seen. Soon afterwards were posted up appeals to arms in manuscript, some in red, others in black, signed by Michel (de Bourges), Madier de Montjan, Emmanuel Arago, Schœlcher, Baudin, Delfotte, and other members of the Mountain. Almost at the same time, some persons, most of them armed passed along the Boulevards St. Martin, St. Denis, Bonne Nouvelle, and Montmartre, endeavoring by reading aloud a proclamation of the ex-representatives who assembled yesterday at the Mairie of the 10th *arrondissement*, to rally the crowd to their cause, and excite seditious cries. In an instant these groups, very compact, and assuming an hostile attitude, were dispersed by some *sergens-de-ville*. The placards posted up were taken down without the slightest resistance, and frequently amidst the acclamations of the persons present. At this moment (half-past eleven) three or four bands of men en blouse left the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Rue du Temple, and spread themselves in different directions. They had at their head several of the ex-Montagnard representatives. That band which was led on by the ex-representative Baudin began to raise a barricade at the corner of the Rue St. Marguerite. On a battalion of the line advancing a shot was fired from the barricade. The troops returned the fire very vigorously, and the chief of the barricade, the ex-representative Baudin, fell dead, having been struck in the head with a ball. On another point, the ex-representative M. Madier de Montjan was struck by a ball from the troops in defending a barricade erected on the Boulevard Beaumarchais. It is positively stated that the ex-representative Schœlcher was also wounded in an engagement with the soldiers. The rioters had an intention of attacking the prison Mazas, but the measures taken for its defence prevented the execution of the plan. At noon the whole of that part of the Boulevards from the Château d'Eau to the Bastille was cleared and occupied militarily by the regiments of cuirassiers, chasseurs, and the line. The brigade of General Marulaz was stationed on the Place de la Bastille, with twelve pieces of cannon. The houses at the corner of the streets from whence the insurgents were able, in the days of June, 1848, to kill seven generals and the Archbishop of Paris, were occupied militarily from the cellar to the garret. Three mortars were directed towards the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and ready to fire. In presence of the most rigorous orders, executed with promptness, and the excellent conduct of the troops, the rioters retired to the bottom of the faubourg, from whence they were driven in a few minutes by the brigade of General Courtigis, which followed them up close. Several arrests were made; courts-martial sitting *en permanence* will decide on the fate of these persons, most of whom were taken in arms. Several groups of students went through the Quartier Latin, calling to arms. Some vain attempts at raising barricades were made, but a single company of the Chasseurs de Vincennes was sufficient to restore the quarter to its usual calm. The ex-Montagnard representative Delbœuf was arrested in the afternoon at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. He was in a cabriolet, and wore his badge as a representative. He was uttering "seditious" cries in the midst of an extremely agitated crowd. The authorities were on the alert, and proper measures have been taken to put down any commencement at disturbance. A student was arrested on the Place de l'Ecole de Médecine, for having struck a *sergent-de-ville* with a cane. He was taken to the Conciergerie. The barricade raised in the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, at which the ex-representative Baudin was killed, was carried by Captain Henry, at the head of the first company of the 1st battalion of the 19th Light Infantry, commanded by Chef de Bataillon Pujol. The Faubourg St. Marceau is perfectly tranquil. Towards the middle of the day, some men of disorder, driven from the Faubourg St. Antoine, attempted to get up a demonstration on the Place de l'Ecole de Médecine. General Saul dispersed the persons making this attempt by sending out a strong patrol. As a measure of precaution, the Panthéon will be occupied to-night by the military. The Faubourg St. Antoine, which was exceedingly agitated in the morning, was quite calm in the evening. It was said that some workmen, determined to maintain order in the interest of the labouring classes, whom any disturbance in the street would most probably deprive at once of employment, dispersed themselves in the morning through the faubourgs, and argued with their comrades that Louis Napoleon only wanted to re-establish universal suffrage by conferring political equality. About five in the evening, however, barricades were raised in the Rue Rambuteau. General Magnan ordered some troops to that point, with orders for them to be immediately carried and destroyed. That was accomplished without difficulty by the 9th Foot Chasseurs and a battalion of the Gendarmes Mobile, the rioters taking to flight on the approach of the troops. About half-past four a band of about 200 persons formed a barricade in the Rue des Vieilles Andriettes, by upsetting some carts. M. de Saint Georges, director of the national printing-office, had a detachment of the gendarmes directed to the spot. The rioters fired, and the fire was returned by the troops, when the barricade was deserted by its defenders. Another attempt at a riot was commenced in the Cloître St. Méry, but it was immediately quelled. General Leydet, ex-representative of the Mountain, was arrested.

In the course of the day additional proclamations were placed on the walls, from the Minister of War to the inhabitants of Paris, announcing "that those taken with arms in their hands will be shot."

A decree was issued by the Prefect of Police against tumultuous assemblies to the same effect.

A correspondent thus describes the

ASPECT OF PARIS ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

I went last evening to see the state of the Boulevards. They were somewhat agitated, and groups here and there were collected reading the last editions of the *Moniteur* with the new Ministry. Presently the troops appeared ranged in order for battle, with skirmishers thrown out. They moved up the Boulevards, towards the Porte St. Martin. All sorts of rumours flew in every direction amongst the lookers on. Barricades had been erected in the Quartier St. Marceau, and there was fighting in that direction, but nothing really serious. After dinner I passed again by the Boulevards, near the Madeleine; they were very quiet. I wandered across the Place de la Concorde, which, with the Champs Elysées, appeared utterly deserted, save by stragglers like myself, wrapped up and umbrella-sheltered, to avoid the wetting with which we were threatened by the thin, mizzling rain. I crossed the bridge of La Concorde just as the clock struck nine. All was still. The long line of the quays shone brilliant with their star-

like lamps. The river reflecting them rolled its green waters in dark peace. The lights glimmered from amongst the trees in the Champs Elysées, whilst across the river the white mass of the Chamber looked odd and ominous, the lower part of its tall columns lit up by the glowing red fires of the soldiers' bivouac. In the neighbourhood of the Chamber, and in the Quartier St. Germain, everything was perfectly quiet. When I reached the Ministry of the Interior, whence all telegraphs are sent, the *employés* had just gone. The Minister would not have let me send anything alarming, and I did not care to tell you that Paris was tranquil, for I feared in but a few hours it would be far otherwise. I came back by the same route, and presently again passed up the Boulevards. Great agitation now prevailed; groups of people were shouting "*Vive la République!*" or, "*A bas les Rats-poils!*" (the hero of the *Charivari's* impersonation of the Bonapartist party). On the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle further progress was stopped—a battalion of the Garde Républicaine and a dozen cannon barred the way. Here the excitement was still greater. It was said that on the Boulevard St. Martin the bodies of two men who had been killed on the barricades were being carried by torchlight amidst the most frightful cries. This was but too true; but the troops quickly dispersed the rioters. As I came homewards after midnight I found the Lower Boulevards deserted. The stillness of night was completely unbroken, which it surely would not have been had firing been going on; and nothing was to be met with, unless now a regiment of cavalry—now of the line—who passed on their way to relieve other troops.

THE ELECTIONS.

In the course of the day the following edict was posted up by the Government:—

The President of the Republic decrees as follows:

Art. 1. The French people are solemnly convoked in their respective districts for the 14th of this present month of December, to accept or reject the following *plébiscite*:—

"The French people will the maintenance of the authority of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and delegates to him the powers necessary to frame a Constitution on the bases proposed in his proclamation of the 24 December."

The President, having discovered that this abolition of the vote by ballot was obnoxious, issued the following decree in the *Moniteur* of Friday:—

FRENCH REPUBLIC.

In the name of the French people:—

The President of the Republic, considering that the mode of election promulgated by the decree of the 2d of December had been adopted in other circumstances as guaranteeing the sincerity of election;

But considering that the essential object of the decree is to obtain the free and sincere expression of the will of the people:—

DECREES:—

The articles 2, 3, and 4, of the decrees of the 21 December are modified as follows:—

Art. 2. The election will take place by universal suffrage. All Frenchmen are called to vote aged 21 years, in the enjoyment of their civil and political rights.

Art. 3. They must justify either by their being inscribed on the electoral list drawn up in virtue of the law of the 13th March, 1849, or by the accomplishment, since that period, of the conditions required by that law.

Art. 4. The ballot will be opened during the days of the 20th and 21st December in the capital of each commune, from 8 a.m. till 4 p.m. The suffrage will take place by secret ballot:

By yes or by no;

By means of a bulletin, either manuscript or printed.

Done at the Elysée, the 4th December, 1851.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The Minister of the Interior, DE MONTY.

The Minister of War, GENERAL DE ST. ARNAUD.

Probably the change of resolution arose from the following letter, sent by King Jerome to his nephew, Prince Louis Napoleon. It bears the date of December 4, ten at night:—

My dear Nephew,—French blood is flowing; stop it by serious appeal to the people. Your sentiments are badly understood. The second proclamation, in which you talk of *plébiscite*, is badly received by the people, who do not consider it the re-establishment of the right of suffrage. Liberty is without guarantee if an Assembly does not suit the Constitution of the Republic. The army has the upper hand. It is the moment to complete a material victory by a moral victory; and what the Government cannot do when it is beaten it ought frequently to do when it is victorious. After having beaten the ancient parties, restore the people, proclaim that universal suffrage, sincere, unshackled, acting in accordance with the greatest liberty, will nominate the President and a Constituent Assembly to save and restore the Republic.

It is in the name of the memory of my brother, and partaking his horror for civil war, that I write to you. Believe in my old experience; think that France, Europe, and posterity will well judge you.

Your affectionate uncle,

JEROME BONAPARTE.

The President of the Republic replied on the 5th, that he had partly done what his uncle asked of him, in re-establishing secret ballot; but he added, "*Mais il faut que la force ait raison de ces furieux.*"

The President, in reference to the votes of the army, addressed the following letter to the Minister of War:—

My dear General,—I had adopted the mode of voting with the signature of each voter, because that mode, employed formerly, appeared to me to ensure more effectually the sincerity of the election; but, yielding to serious objections and to just representations, I have, as you are aware, just issued a decree which changes the manner of voting. The suffrages of the army are almost entirely given, and I am happy to think that there will be found but an inconsiderable number against me. Yet, as the soldiers who have given in a negative vote might apprehend that it would exercise an unfavourable influence on their career, it is of importance to set their minds at rest. I beg you, therefore, without delay, to make known to the army, that if the mode in which it has voted is different from that according to which the other citizens will vote, the result shall be the same for it; that is to say, I wish to be ignorant of the names of those who have voted against me. Consequently, the taking of the votes once terminated and duly verified, I beg of you to order that the registers may be burnt.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

INCIDENTS OF WEDNESDAY.

(From Private Correspondence and other Sources.)

Orders were given by the Minister of the Interior to the managers of all the theatres to keep open their houses, and to perform on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, whether they had audiences or not.

On the morning of Wednesday, and up till two o'clock in the afternoon, there was nothing in the *bonux quartiers* but the crowds of promenaders, passing without hindrance, and the groups at the doors of the *cafés*, to indicate that Paris was on the brink of a crisis. In the *cafés* there was a universal game of dominoes, the suspension of so many of the public journals offering the *habitués* but a scanty supply of literary food. In the streets the vendors of the *Patrie* were more than usually numerous, and more than usually obstreperous. Later in the afternoon, however, as rumours of barricades and massacres floated up from the remotest and less fortunate departments of St. Martin and St. Antoine, the dominoes gradually ceased rattling, many persons stole quietly home, and a gloom began to settle upon the faces of the mob, whose cries of "*Vive la République!*" hollow, suppressed, and at rare

intervals, assumed a tone of menace, as though a storm was not far behind. The physiognomy of the military, moreover, worn and fatigued by fast and waking, was more serious, stern, and anxious than before; no longer the gay and showy pageant in which carabiniers, cuirassiers, and guides were but as glittering effigies of the reality—the figures of a gigantic puppet-show—but a real military display, a threat, and an admonition to the crowd, who, in the features of their armed compatriots on horse and foot, found no sympathy and read no hope.

One noticeable difference was remarked in the aspect of the crowd on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Tuesday a vast number of blouses and *ouverts* were noticed; on Wednesday the appearance of these ancient abettors of revolution was exceedingly rare. Scarcely any of them, indeed, were observed. To some this brought confidence, to others fear. The latter thought, and not without a show of reason, that if the blouses were absent, almost to a man, it was presumptive evidence they were elsewhere more gravely occupied, and this by no means improved the prospect of what was likely to take place on the morrow—more especially since it was currently reported that the Socialists had been summoned by their chiefs to meet and consult that night.

After midnight large bodies of military invested the Café de Paris, Tortoni's, and the Maison Dorée (one of the principal resorts of those Parisians who turn night into day). The stragglers who were returning home from late *réunions* were ordered off the great thoroughfare, and compelled to gain their domiciles by circuitous routes. Resistance or protest only led to a menace of immediate arrest, which no one was foolhardy enough to set at defiance.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4.

SECOND DAY'S FIGHTING.

From an early hour on Thursday morning the communication between the centre of Paris and the quarter of the Halles and of the Faubourg St. Antoine was cut off, and as early as twelve o'clock shots began to be exchanged between the insurgents and the troops. At a late hour the night preceding the people about the Rue Rambuteau commenced the making of barricades. A few of the *sergens de ville* attacked them from time to time, and they immediately took to flight. The usual system on such occasions was, however, adopted. The barricades were made, but there was no defence. As soon as troops approached, the defenders of the barricades took to flight, and the soldiers found nothing but an ill-built wall. Such a system of warfare is the most harassing and the most discouraging to the troops. During the whole morning barricades were being made in different quarters, were taken by the troops without difficulty, and were being again abandoned by the troops to the insurgents. In the well-known district of the Porte St. Denis there was a huge barricade across the corner of the street of that name. At the Porte St. Martin there was another, and from that quarter all the way down to the Place de la Bastille, and probably further, there were hundreds more.

As the day advanced numerous and formidable barricades were raised in the quarters St. Denis, St. Martin, and the neighbourhood of the Rue Rambuteau. Even at the corner of the Rue de la Grange Batillore there was a large barricade, and shots were fired on the troops from Tortoni's coffee-house. Several people were killed in the Rue de Grammont. M. Sallandrouze's carpet manufactory was riddled by cannon, and thirty people who were in it were massacred. It appears that some shots had been fired from the windows. The Boulevards were swept every five minutes by large bodies of lancers, and orders had been given to the troops to give no quarter. In building the barricades there was no noise, no shouting, no singing of Republican songs; but a solemn silence, only broken by the crash of the materials thrown about. Each man seemed determined to risk the worst. At the part decided upon in the Boulevards the road is upwards of seventy feet broad. There are no paving-stones, the thoroughfare being macadamized. Every cab, brougham, and cart that passed by was seized upon, and the drivers sent home on their horses. Three or four omnibuses were also appropriated; but news soon spread, and very few of these vehicles dared afterwards to show themselves within half a mile of the Porte St. Martin. Still the barricade was not half finished. A *messengerie* was broken into, and the huge vans of the establishment dragged by the Republicans to their defences. During all this time not a soldier was to be seen. A house that was being built close by was next ransacked, the stones were dragged down, and the scaffolding carried off. "It's good for trade," said one man—a mason. "The house of the people against the house of Napoleon," said another. In less than an hour a formidable barricade, twelve feet high, had been erected.

It was not until two o'clock that the troops were called out. The Republicans had not been idle during the time allowed to them. The Mairie of the 5th *arrondissement* was besieged and taken. Upwards of forty of the National Guards were seized, and their muskets and cartridges taken from them. The drums were also carried off. In several of the streets the gun-shops were broken into. One man who had escaped, wounded, from a barricade, said, "They have plenty of arms; they are giving orders for muskets to the different men who flock in. 'The captain asks, 'Are you a good shot?' If you say yes, he tells you to go to such and such a place and get a musket; or else he gives you an order for a pike or a sword."

The following narrative is from an eye-witness of Thursday's events:—

"If the Boulevards, thronged by busy and animated crowds, their brilliant array of shops and *cafés* all open, be a sight to raise the wonder and delight of foreigners, anything more desolate and blank than their appearance when completely deserted by their peaceable inhabitants can hardly be imagined. Such was the picture presented to those who ventured within eyeshot of the scene on Thursday, in the afternoon, when every shop was closed, and the interior of the *cafés*, dimly lighted by a solitary *réverbère*, left scarcely the possibility for the few who hazarded to come within their precincts to recognise each other's faces. At the mouth of every street and every passage a picket of soldiers stayed the further progress of the people, who remained behind the barrier as spectators. But, while the open thoroughfare of the Boulevards was abandoned, the windows and balconies of every house, from top to bottom, were alive with anxious faces, eagerly watching the growing numbers and inexplicable evolutions of the military, who soon filled up the space as far as the eye could reach, from the point of the Boulevard des Italiens, at which I was situated. That something of consequence was about to be enacted, was evident to every looker-on. Circulation, which at first had been partially allowed, was at length imperatively forbidden, and the half-opened doors of the *cafés*, from which the unemployed *garçons*, and even the *cuisiniers*, had been furtively peering, were shut by command. Unconscious of what was going to happen, however, the inhabitants remained at the windows and in the balconies, their curiosity outweighing their fears. The rapid passage to and fro of heavy artillery, directed to unknown points; the sound of distant cannon, which told an undeniable story; the *croque-morts*, as those members of the *ambulances* are called whose business it is to carry away the dead and wounded; the army surgeons in their regimental guise; the incessant departure and return of the *guides*, all at the gallop—these and other appearances no less suggestive



NO. 7.—THE MONSTER BARRICADE OF THE PORTE ST. DENIS.

were insufficient to drive the people into their houses; the windows and the balconies continued to be busily occupied. At length, however, two or three successive motions of the hand from the general who was superintending the manoeuvres of the troops gave warning that danger was at hand, and the greater number of the curious retired from the windows, although those in the *balcon* of the Café du Cardinal failed to take the hint; and it was not till two tremendous volleys of musketry made the Boulevards ring again, that they became aware of the peril

to which they stood exposed, and scrambled through the windows of the *première étage*. Those who have been to Paris will remember that the Café du Cardinal forms the *rez de chaussée*, or ground-floor, of an enormous house, half of which faces the Boulevards and the other half the Rue de Richelieu. The remainder of the house, from the first floor upwards, belongs to M. Brandus, the most extensive music publisher in Paris, who has recently leased the premises, and constructed, perhaps, the largest and handsomest *magasin* of its kind in Europe. It was in the

balcon which appertains to this *magasin* that I was stationed, in company with seven or eight others, watching the evolutions of the troops the magnitude and variety of which surprised everybody, in a quarter of the Boulevards from which usually little danger is anticipated in revolutionary times. To our astonishment and no small discomfort, our escape from the balcony of the music-shop of M. Brandus had only interposed the walls and windows between our persons and the threatened danger. The fire was now immediately directed against the house in



NO. 8.—BARRICADE OF THE FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE.



LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KILBURN.—(SEE MEMOIR AT PAGE *683.)

which we were; and the smashing of windows speedily incited to a move up stairs, where it was imagined we should be out of immediate peril. No such thing, however. Masket shots penetrated even the bed-room of M. Brandus. The consternation was as general as the cause of the aggression was incomprehensible. In a short time, while every body was doing his best to get out of reach of the shot, the screams of the female servants in the lower department of the house announced a fresh event, and the shouts of a hundred voices outside, crying "Ouvrez, ouvrez!" declared the intention of the military to enter the building. No one daring to descend to obey the mandate, after a short period the door was broken open, and a number of soldiers rushed up stairs, and, demolishing every obstacle, searched each room in succession, until they approached the *quatrième étage*, where M. Brandus and his friends had repaired for safety. There information was given that a shot had been fired from the house upon the troops, and that the business of the invaders was to visit every apartment and examine the persons of all present. The scrutiny proved unavailing; but the soldiers insisting upon the fact of the shot having proceeded from the house, the whole party was forthwith arrested and taken before the General on the Boulevards. One of them happened, luckily, to be M. Sax, the well-known inventor and manufacturer of the instruments that bear his name. Being recognised by the General, the protest of M. Sax was accepted, and the party allowed to escape into the Passage de l'Opéra, but not to re-enter the house. In that agreeable *locale* we were compelled to wait, penned up like beasts of burden, until the military had evacuated the Boulevard des Italiens, when each was allowed to find his way home as well as he might amid the bustle and confusion. It afterwards appeared that the suspected shot was attributed to the house next door to that of M. Brandus, and subsequently to the Café Anglais, which was in its turn almost demolished. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the theatres, as well as the shops, were closed on Thursday. I cannot conclude without complimenting the conduct of several of the hotel-keepers, who declared that all the railroads would suspend business, when, on the contrary, every train left and arrived at the usual hour. Suspicious of this fact, I left my luggage at the hotel, and went on foot in search of a cabriolet, to convey me to the *Chemin de fer du Nord*. After much difficulty I succeeded in finding a *coupé* on the Boulevard des Capucines, the conductor of which, for the small consideration of 15*c.*, with the proviso that he was not to go to the hotel for my luggage, consented to take me to the station. On our way to Calais we heard at the various *relais*, not, as had been reported, that the "provinces were marching upon Paris," but that two men had been instantly put to death for attempting to cut away the wires of the electric telegraph somewhere near St. Denis—for the truth of which report, however, I cannot pretend to vouch, although it was stated with confidence by my informant."

Correspondent of the Times.

The Bank was blockaded the greater part of Thursday, as by some accident the communication with the main body of troops had been kept up. The *employés* of the Bank had no provision, and the only guard consisted of 150 men. The barricade erected in the neighbourhood had entirely cut them off. The commanding officer, however, attacked with vigour the barricade, and carried it in a very short time without any loss, except two or three men wounded. The *garçons* of the Bank aided in the operation.

The following passage from the *Constitutionnel* will give an idea of the enormous military force by which the *coup d'état* was supported:—"In the combat of the 4th, and in the military demonstration of yesterday, only one-half of the army of Paris was employed. Not a battalion from any of the neighbouring garrisons has been sent for. One may judge, from the powerful reserve at the disposal of the Government, with what vigorous repression any attempt at a new insurrection would be met. Every one has been able to convince himself of the splendid arrangements made by General Magnan, and of the rare precision with which the movements have been executed by the generals under his orders."

Additional proclamations of martial law by the Prefect of Police to the people were issued.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5.—TERMINATION OF THE INSURRECTION.

Tranquillity was restored this day. "The Boulevards," writes a correspondent of the *Daily News*, "present a most dismal appearance. Scarcely a window above the Rue Richelieu that is not shattered through and through with musketry; and occasionally a shattered wall or a portentous perforation, executed very often with great neatness, marks where a cannon ball has entered a house. The road is occupied with squadrons of cuirassiers, drawn up in battle array against the footpath, their formidable horse-pistols presented against the passengers, who creep along uttering scarcely a word, hardly venturing to breathe. As for any demonstrations, any cheers either for Napoleon or the Republic, they are out of the question. There is no spirit left among the passers by. As for the conquering troops, they have by no means a triumphant air. One big dragon, who looked like a very ferocious Bacchus, I saw dismounted and chattering familiarly with a grisette; for the rest, they are all stern and all sad. They are under orders, however, and are evidently prepared to obey. Everybody, however, even in the vicinity of the Bastille, is not on revolutionary thoughts. I came across a large crowd of persons more or less in a state of blouse this morning on the Place de la Bastille. This must surely be a political demonstration, and might perhaps be a barricade if it was customary to make barricades in open places. Where was the guard? I approached presently with some caution, and found a most good-humoured congregation of spectators amusing themselves with the antics—not of a Socialist order—but of a juggler!"

"Passing again along the Boulevard des Italiens, I was amused by the fact that one of the houses that had suffered most from the peppering and salting of Thursday was that of a company entitled the 'Fraternelle,' and exhibiting the inscription, 'Assurance Mutuelle contre Incendie et l'Explosion.'"

Proclamations were on Friday placarded of the Prefect of Police to the Police Commissioners, stating that the insurrection was put down. The *Moniteur* of the morning contained a decree rendering the ballot, which is to take place on the 20th and 21st of December, secret instead of public, as was fixed by the decree of the 2d.

Other proclamations were issued, denouncing the disseminators of false news, and decreeing that every individual spreading false reports should be immediately arrested and given up to the courts-martial as an accomplice of the insurrection.

A proclamation was also issued by the Minister of the Interior, stating that the whole of France associated itself with unanimous approbation to the events just accomplished.

In the course of the afternoon the Minister of War issued to the army a proclamation of thanks.

A proclamation of General Lawoestine, posted up on Friday, betrayed, in a certain measure, the misgiving of the new Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards for not calling them out to service.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, TO WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10.

The following were the variations of the Bourse during the past week:—

Monday, 1st December, Five per Cents. closed at 91 <i>f.</i> 60 <i>c.</i>	
Tuesday, 2d	89 70
Wednesday, 3d	91 40
Thursday, 4th	91 30
Friday, 5th	92 65
Saturday, 6th	96

Count d'Argout, Governor of the Bank of France, has published a letter denying the calumnious reports of 25 millions of francs having been taken out of the Bank by order of the Government. He further declares, that up to the date of his letter (Saturday, the 6th) no portion whatever of that sum has been touched.

From Saturday to Wednesday public tranquillity was not disturbed. The *Moniteur* of Tuesday published a decree announcing that all individuals placed under the surveillance of the high police, who shall be proved to have quitted the place assigned them as their residence, may, as a measure of general safety, be transported to Cayenne or Algeria, for a minimum of five years, and a maximum of ten. The same measure shall be applied to individuals found guilty of forming part of a secret society. The prefects of the places under the surveillance of the high police will in future give the Government the right of fixing the place the convict shall reside in after having undergone his punishment. Paris and its suburbs are interdicted to these persons, who are bound to quit in ten days after the promulgation of the present decree.

The Bourse at Paris continues well attended. The Five per Cents on Tuesday opened at 95*f.* 75*c.*, rose to 96*f.* 70*c.*, and closed at 96*f.* 60*c.*, for the end of the month. The Three per Cents closed at 85*f.* 85*c.*

Colonel Negre, Commandant at Havre, has declared, in an order of the day, that the Chamber of Commerce of that town has violated the constitutive law of its existence, by expressing its opinion upon the acts of the Executive. He intimates that, if the Chamber of Commerce mixes itself up with politics, he will dissolve it.

Government announced on Wednesday that the last accounts from the departments were satisfactory. In some parts, however, disturbances had occurred.

On Monday, the 8th inst., the *Moniteur* published the following proclamation of the President of the Republic to the French people:—

Frenchmen.—The disturbances are appeased. Whatever may be the decision of the people, society is saved. The first part of my task is accomplished. The appeal to the nation, for the purpose of terminating the struggles of parties, I knew would not cause any serious risk to the public tranquillity. Why should the people have risen against me? If I do not any longer possess your confidence—if your indignation but repugnance for those who make precious blood flow—it will be sufficient to place an adverse vote in the urn. I shall always respect the decision of the people. But as long as the nation shall not have spoken, I shall not recede before any effort, before any sacrifice, to defeat the attempts of the factious. That task is, besides, made easy to me. On the one hand, it has been seen how foolish it is to struggle against an army so well equipped, so well drilled, and so devoted to the mother country. On the other hand, the calm attitude of the people of Paris, the reprobation with which they condemned the insurrection, have testified with sufficient clearness for whom the capital pronounced itself. In the populous quarters in which insurrection formerly reared itself so quickly among *ouvriers*, docile with respect to such matters, anarchy, on this occasion, was able to find nothing but repugnance for those who made precious blood flow. Thanks be rendered to the intelligent and patriotic population of Paris! Let it persuade itself more and more that my only ambition is to ensure the repose and prosperity of France. Let it continue to lend its aid to the authorities, and the country will be able soon to accomplish, in tranquillity, the solemn act which must inaugurate a new era for the Republic.

Done at the Palace of the Elysées, the 8th Dec., 1851.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The fifth legion of the National Guards had been dissolved, on account of many of them having posted notices over their doors that arms would be given up to the insurgents, in order to save their houses.

Arrests from Saturday to the 10th inst. continued without intermission. The law courts were reopened on the 6th.

The correspondent of the *Morning Herald* writes on Sunday evening:—

I alluded in my letter of this morning to a statement of the *Patrie*, that two London newspapers had been interdicted, and their correspondents ordered to leave. As yet nothing has taken place to confirm this piece of intelligence; but a circumstance has occurred which is probably not unconnected with the rumour in question. The London papers, both morning and evening, have been detained for examination. They are, in fact, submitted to a *censure* without exception. The aspect of Galignani's celebrated reading-room would at this moment furnish a capital cut for *Punch*, or the more sober but not wiser *Illustrated London News*. On the French table there are the *Moniteur*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Patrie*. Government papers—the *Univers*, rejoicing in the *condemnation* to M. de Montalembert of the Pantheon, from whose walls, *par parenthese*, are to be scraped the names of the heroes of 1830; then there is the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, with its harmless accounts of trials of pickpockets, and a few country papers. The *Débats*, *Assemblée Nationale*, and *Pays* appear for form's sake, but they contain nothing but stale accounts from Government papers of the night before. Thus all the Paris journals contain the same thing. It is *longueurs perdantes*. On the English table there is a great blank space waiting for the English papers of yesterday, and blanker faces looking on from breakfast to now—dinner time.

The following is an extract from a letter from Paris of the 8th in the *Times* on Wednesday:—

After I despatched my packet last evening, a friend called who ought to be well informed, and assured me that a list of suspected persons has been made, which included all the English in Paris who are supposed to have any engagement in connexion with the press, and especially with the newspapers, and that a person who saw that list affirmed that *my name* is on it. It is said to be decided to order any one to quit France who is suspected of writing articles or letters hostile to the Government. Another friend called last evening, who is the chief judge of one of the high tribunals, and also a member of the *soi-disant* "Consultative Council," to whom I mentioned what I heard about the suspected list, but did not allude to my own name being on it. He replied that he had not any knowledge of such a list, but that in the present state of things it was very probable, and that he conceived such a measure to be dictated by motives of wise precaution and prudence; that it might be French enough to manage her own affairs, without being embarrassed by the meddling of foreign journals. As I think there is danger even in sending letters through the *bureau* of your correspondent, and as letters addressed to the *Times* (not proceeding from the usual correspondent) would (as I am assured) be opened at the Post-office, I think it best to enclose this to a friend, who will forward it. We are now literally living under the reign of terror. Not one word that appears in the French journals can be relied on; indeed, it may be in general taken to be false.

KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE INSURRECTION.

The following article, signed "Communiqué," appears in the *Moniteur*:—"We affirm that the troops have suffered but little in the repeated engagements which have taken place.

Among the killed is found the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Loubeau, of the 72d Regiment of the Line. Colonel Quilico, of the same regiment, received a musket ball in the fleshy part of the thigh.

A barricade constructed in the Rue Montargueil was taken by the troops. Three soldiers were killed; the others rushed on, killed eight

insurgents, and shot fourteen prisoners. M. Gaston, who was a member of the Constituent Assembly, was, it appears, amongst the insurgents of the Boulevard St. Martin. His dead body was recognised on Sunday morning.

A number of prisoners who made an attempt to escape from their escort on Thursday evening were shot. A prisoner who attempted to escape from the Conciergerie was also shot.

Interments of persons killed in the insurrection were taking place in various quarters. A gentleman named Du Barque, a Conservative, killed by accident on the Boulevard Poissonnière, while standing at his window, was buried on Saturday morning in the church of Bonne Nouvelle. His political friends wished to profit by the occasion to make a pacific manifestation by attending the funeral in considerable numbers. The police, being informed of their intention, ordered the funeral for eight o'clock instead of twelve, and it consequently went off without any incidents.

"I think it right," says the *Times* correspondent, "to warn you against the exaggerated rumours that will no doubt reach England of barbarities on the part of the troops. There is no doubt that deplorable accidents occurred, in which many innocent and inoffensive persons perished. I have already recorded some of them. But the fault was not with the army. An order had previously been posted up in all Paris, and published in the papers, warning all idle spectators from the streets, with the double object of leaving the troops and the 'insurgents' alone to their deadly combat, and also for the prevention of such calamities as those deplored. Independently of those shot down on the barricades before they were taken, there were many captured with arms in their hands when their defences were won; and many, yet not all, of these men were shown little mercy."

Dr. Hoffe, an English dentist, residing at the Cité Vindé, was among the persons killed on the Boulevards on Thursday, who were mere spectators of the operations. His body was said to be pierced with twelve balls.

M. Madier de Montjau's wounds are said to be going on well. The representatives MM. Etienne Chegaray and Talhouet are also much better. They received their wounds on the 2d December, at the moment when the representatives quitted the house of M. Daru to enter the Assembly. A battalion of Vincennes Riflemen charged upon the representatives who endeavoured to force open the doors of the Assembly, and wounded some of them with their bayonets. In attempting to enter the Assembly by the side door in the Rue de Bourgogne, M. de Kédrel narrowly escaped a bayonet thrust. Admiral Lainé gallantly laid hold of the musket which was directed against M. Kédrel. In thus protecting his brother representative, the admiral's arm was caught in shutting the door, and it was some time before his friends could release him.

The firing which took place at a late hour on Thursday night was not, as was supposed, a renewal of hostilities, but a still more melancholy act. It was the noise of the musketry at the execution of a number of unfortunate men who were taken prisoners and shot at the Champ de Mars.

M. Baudin, the representative, was buried on Friday. The precautions of the Government prevented any disturbance at his funeral.

M. Peter Paris, the well-known apothecary of 26, Place Vendôme, was proceeding to an establishment which he possessed in the Faubourg St. Denis, and had reached the corner of Rue Rougemont, when the firing took place on the Boulevards on Tuesday. He was desperately wounded in two places, and died three hours afterwards. A professional gentleman who went to a temporary hospital established in the Cité Bergère, in the hope of finding M. Peter Paris alive, counted thirty-two dead bodies in the place, besides a much larger number of wounded. Several evidently belonged to the upper classes of society, but, with the exception of M. Paris, he did not recognise any of them.

To give any idea of the killed on one side or the other, would be difficult. The loss of the insurgents was said to be about 800. Many dead bodies were left in the streets. They were next morning seen in many places in the Rue Montmartre, the Faubourg Poissonnière, the Rue Trevis, and other adjacent streets. The slaughter was also great at the Porte St. Michel, near the Hôtel Dieu.

The *Patrie* gives the following account of the death of M. Dussoubs, the representative of the Haute Vienne, who was shot at the barricade in the Rue Neuve St. Eustace on Thursday.—M. Dussoubs was seen from an early hour recruiting adherents in the Rues St. Denis and St. Martin. He carried a red flag in his hand. When the troops arrived at the barricade that he defended, M. Dussoubs marched up to the officer in command, protested against the violation of the Constitution, and cried "Vive la République!" The officer called upon him to retire. "But I am a representative of the people," said M. Dussoubs; and then waving his red flag, he cried with all the force of his lungs, "Vive la République démocratique! Down with tyrants!" At the same time he rushed to place himself at the head of his barricade, and immediately afterwards fell.

During the affair which took place in the Rue de Cléry, on Friday, several persons totally unconnected with the "insurrection" lost their lives, in consequence of a butcher's boy having cried out, "Vive la République! A bas Napoleon!" as a detachment of lancers and infantry were passing. The infantry fired and the lancers charged. The boy escaped unhurt, but several persons standing at their shop doors were wounded. A wholesale cotton-merchant, who went up to a garret to see what was passing, was shot through the head. Another, a wealthy merchant, who was in the act of giving orders to his *courrière* to shut the gates, was wounded by a lancer, who singly pursued the mob into a courtyard. Four National Guards were shot dead by the Chasseurs de Vincennes.

On Sunday morning General Magnan, the Commander-in-Chief of the garrison of Paris, visited the military hospital of the Val de Grace. The general entered the different wards, and spoke in the kindest manner to the wounded men, promising them the notice and protection of the President of the Republic. Before he left the hospital he thanked the medical men attached to the establishment for their attention to the men under their care. From the Val de Grace the general proceeded to the Hôtel Dieu, and afterwards to the other hospitals and ambulances where wounded soldiers were lying.

Two hundred and ten of the *ex-gardiens de nuit*, who are known to be devoted to Ladru Rollin and Causidire, have been arrested and are to be tried. One of these guardians, who was arrested during the fighting the other day for threatening some sentries, was found to have two poignards and some cartridges upon him. He resisted the arrest, and, when overpowered, continued to cry out against the agents of the Government, whereupon, upon the order of the officer commanding the guardhouse to which he was taken, he was shot in the Rue de Jerusalem.

M. Reims, of the *Ordre*, an eminent journalist of Orleans politics, was among the killed on the Boulevard Montmartre in the affair of Thursday. He was a warm supporter of MM. Thiers and Changarnier. M. Reims was formerly editor of the *Courrier Français*, and was at one time secretary to the Northern Railway.

The *Constitutionnel* of Monday states the loss of the army to be:—Killed, 1 officer and 16 soldiers; wounded, 8 officers and 194 soldiers.

During the firing of the troops on Thursday an inoffensive Frenchman was killed in a room at 19, Boulevard Montmartre. Colonel Stuart and family, of New York, narrowly escaped from the balls that entered their apartments in the same house. A captain of the staff, sent not with orders, was shot dead on Thursday by a young man, aged sixteen, in the Rue de Paradis Poissonnière.

The following is an extract from a surgeon's letter, dated Paris, December 5—

I narrowly escaped being shot in the street, as many were; and having entered my hotel on the Boulevard, which were filled with thousands of troops, a sudden discharge of musketry took place along the whole line—volley after volley; not a house, scarcely a window, was spared, whether containing combatants or not. Before I could rush from my room, musket balls entered by the window from which I had retreated but a step or two. In another room was a Russian family; the brother, a fine young man, and his sister were both struck by balls while hastening from the room with their mother. The lady had her hand shattered, the brother was shot in the chest. I have seldom felt a more intense pleasure in my profession than in being able to give immediate assistance to these poor persons, for which, otherwise, they must have waited many hours. They displayed a beautiful and generous devotion, each being anxious to attend first to the other. There is a house opposite ours that is breached by cannon-shot fired into it at a few feet distance. The loss of life, which will never be published, must have been awful. With characteristic peculiarity, after the troops had performed their unworthy task, the military surgeons, at night, went from house to house to see after the wounded. One of them told me he had just seen sixty dead and eighty wounded in our immediate neighbourhood. The greater part of the injured are non-combatants, suddenly surprised in the streets, or struck down, unsuspecting danger, in their own homes. Such scenes—fit enough, perhaps, for the storming of an Arab town—by an indiscriminate attack on unsuspecting houses, were never before known, even in Paris.

The following is an extract from a private letter, dated Paris, Dec. 8, 1851—

One of our female servants is married to a non-commissioned officer in one of the regiments of civic troops which are employed more especially in the arrests and executions now going on. My fears from her that her husband was engaged with his company the entire day yesterday in making arrests. He does not know how many hundreds were lodged by his company in the prisons. He says they are ordered out to the Champs de Mars to-day to shoot a number—reported to be 168—of those condemned by the court-martial.

From the language used by the wife, we infer that the soldier, eldest of that regiment, notwithstanding their enormous extra pay, are thoroughly disgusted with their work. All the usual vocabulary of abusive epithets is showered on the President.

The correspondent of the *Morning Herald* writes on Monday evening thus—

If upwards of 100 soldiers have been badly wounded in consequence of the insurgents having come to close quarters, showing the desperate character of the fight made by the latter, the number killed in the streets and on the barricades must have been immense. I mentioned to you the terrible appearance of the Rue Pergère, I should have said the Cité Bergère, which is a sort of courtyard near it, enclosed at both ends by two gates, the one in the Faubourg Montmartre, the other in the street, in which is the famous Conservatoire, in which Blanqui held his dangerous club during the early days of 1848. Failing in their efforts to seize a public building, the members of the secret societies attempted to convert this long court into a citadel, and those engaged in its defence fell, it is supposed, to a man. When it is considered that beside the numbers killed here—killed at the Porte St. Denis, and on the Boulevard between the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin—killed on various barricades—barricades which have been destroyed, and which were fire—and executed subsequently according to the laws of war, the whole presents a fearful total. It is related to me that the soldiers fired upon from a club or circle on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle entered the place and put all found therein to death. The soldiers who did so had been greatly excited by previous fighting, in which they had lost an officer, and had several men severely wounded. It is told, too, that several young women having, as usual, mingled in the fray, the soldiers with a wonderful tact, and without using a moment, flogged them with straps and let them off. There is an instance given of a woman having been killed, but she was in the act of beating a wounded soldier to death.

SUMMARY OF THE EVENTS OF THE LAST WEEK.

On Monday the French Constitution of 1848 was in full force. On Tuesday it had ceased to exist by the *sic volo, sic jubeo*, of the President of the Republic, who proposed to the army and people to re-elect him for ten years, and to accept such a Constitution as he would frame. On Wednesday some of the members of the Mountain got up an insurrection, but the mass of the working classes did not rise; the Faubourgs St. Antoine, Montmartre, La Chapelle, Belleville, Charette, Montreuil, Montrouge, St. Maurice, St. Denis, Châtillon, Boulogne-sur-Seine, St. Cloud, &c., did little or nothing for the movement. The withdrawal of the first decree relative to the voting, and the re-establishment of the vote by ballot, unquestionably did much to prevent the spread of the insurrection on Thursday. In this instance the President was compelled to yield to the force of public opinion. Had he not made this concession, he would not now be at the head of a triumphant military dictatorship.

The locality of the severest fighting was quite changed during the *émeutes* of Wednesday and Thursday. The Boulevard des Italiens had hitherto been spared the spectacle of a street struggle, but it shared on this occasion the fate of the Boulevards Montmartre, Poissonnière, and Bonne Nouvelle, and at these points the soldiers suffered most, and the insurrectionists fell in greater number than in any other quarter. The macadamisation of the streets added greatly to the difficulty of constructing solid barricades.

The numerous arrests of representatives have been succeeded by as rapid releases. M. Thiers' opportunities for studying the philosophy of history in prison were very short. The President is evidently not a malicious man, or he might have seized the opportunity to clear a score with the historian of the empire, in regard to his incarceration at Ham. It is understood that the African generals will soon be, if not now, at liberty. The President has appointed a committee to make indemnities to parties innocently injured during the *émeutes*, so that the elite National Guards, who neither turned out, nor were called out, are mollified for so no rough usage. The want of arms and ammunition has been pathetically lamented by the "Red" parties in this country, but it is generally understood that the most shrewd men of this party were quite opposed to any attempt at rising, feeling conscious that the army was with Louis Napoleon. He has beaten the National Legislative Assembly, but the people, on the other hand, have gained the vote by ballot and universal suffrage. Who will be the ultimate winner, must be decided by the elections of December the 20th. The liberated representatives will certainly not be idle, whether in Paris or in the departments; but, under military law, it is not so easy to convene a meeting as at our Exeter Hall or London Tavern. Journalism is extinct; nay, to a certain extent, the very correspondents of the London papers are gagged, for they write under the threat of expulsion from the country. Not an article can appear in a Paris paper before it has been approved of at the Ministry of the Interior. The *Cabinet Noir* at the Post-office is in full force; suspicious letters are opened, read, and withheld, and obnoxious foreign journals stopped. In the meanwhile, a *home launch* is extended to the troops who have just rendered such important services, by their pay and promotion being put on the war footing. In 1830 the army made the revolution, and beat the army. In 1851 the army has made the revolution, and beaten journalism. M. Thiers was a hero in the days of July, 1830; but now, in the days of December, 1851, he is laughed at in Paris as an "imbecile." The

shade of Charles X. would smile grimly at this turn in the wheel of fortune; and what would Louis Philippe now say to his prisoner of Strasbourg and Ham?

What is the real condition of the departments at this crisis it is impossible to guess. There have evidently been riots and commotions in many towns, despite of the assurances of the French telegraph that order reigns everywhere, and that the acts of the President have been received with the most lively sympathy. Where martial law reigns bayonets supersede pens—despotism crushes opinions. The *Jacquerie* in the valley of the Loire may be turned to account by the enraged representatives. The many changes in the prefectures look as if the Executive at Paris was ill at ease. We read constantly in the despatches that "the most complete measures are adopted to secure tranquillity;" "that some demagogues are moving about;" "that there is much emotion, but no agitation;" "considerable crowds, but no riots;" "large groups who are not anarchists;" "arrests of Socialists;" "useless endeavours of the Red leaders to agitate the workmen," &c.

It has been stated that the President of the Republic holds proofs of the intentions of his opponents in the Assembly to send him to Vincennes. The sooner such evidence is forthcoming the better disposed will be public opinion in this country to palliate, if not to excuse, the recent *coup d'état*. England, it is true, has no desire to interfere with any form of government which France may choose to adopt—no, not even if it be a political usurpation and a military despotism. The Tory Government of 1830 recognised the Royalty of the barricades—an act which the French Legitimists have never forgiven. The Whig Cabinet of 1848 acknowledged at once the Republic—an act at which the Orleansists were very wroth. Lord Normanby, it is given out, has lost no time in assuring the army of Paris—we beg pardon, the President's Government—that events would make no change in the relations between the respective countries. But the principles of truth are eternal, and every right-thinking mind in the nation shrinks with horror from perfidy, treason, and violence are constitutional rule in civilised countries. The events of the last week are of another age and another hemisphere. That Souloque should make himself emperor amongst the blacks is easily comprehended, because his country is Haiti; and that a parody of this event may be essayed in the centre of civilisation, who will now affect to disbelieve? Unless the Imperial diadem has been dazzling the eyes of the President of the Republic, his acts have been those of a madman. We have shown in our summary of his advent to Presidential honour that his game was sure if he only aimed at re-election. Now his fight is only beginning. His success so far has been by a *coup-de-main*, or rather a *quasi-coup*. He did that in the night what Cromwell and the Napoleon did in the day. Louis Napoleon gave not his Parliamentary opponents a chance; every man he feared was manacled before the Prætorian bands occupied the capital according to the rules of war. And when the soldiers fired on all groups that cried "*Vive la République*!" the key to the real situation is found. Cabals, and even conspiracies of Chambers, do not justify Presidents of Republics in using brute force, and no amount of success can alter the morality of the *coup d'état*. He has now against him the Monarchists of both branches of the Bourbons, the *bourgeoisie*, the moderate Republicans, the Reds, and the Socialists. He has on his side, as far as we know at present, the army and the peasantry, looking only to the prestige of the name of Bonaparte. Here are fearful elements of discord and disorder for France; and the vote of the 20th of December, be it what it may, will be no solution of the difficulties. Louis Napoleon has looked to the *parti-prêtre*, since he restored the Pope, in conjunction with Austria; but the clergy exercises little influence in France; and he must find more powerful allies in journalism than the *Univers*, to sustain the *Patrie* and the *Constitutionnel*. He has had two great checks—first, in the indignant refusal of almost every eminent person to be enrolled in the list of the Consultative Council; and, secondly, in having been forced to restore the vote by ballot. The Stock Exchange invariably sides with the uppermost party of the day, and the rise in the funds is, therefore, of no significance.

We are assured in some quarters that there can be no fears of a military despotism in France. At all events, the present state of things is as close an imitation of martial law as we can find in history; and, if it be permanently established in France, we may have to look to the safety of our own coast. Ravenous eagles are hovering about us, and the lion must not sleep. Is the prophecy of Napoleon, on the rock of St. Helena, as to the war of Cossack and Republican, so far distant?

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Nos. 1 and 2. *Taking the Wounded to the Ambulance, and Wagon for the Wounded.*—At periods of insurrection, temporary hospitals, or ambulances, are established at the houses of the apothecaries and chemists; the wounded are carried on waggon and litters, and the assistance of the Sisters of Charity is speedily tendered to them.

No. 3. *Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement, where the Representatives were Arrested.*—The window from which M. Berryer and other Deputies addressed the people is shown in the Engraving; after the deposition of the President had been agreed upon, the representatives were arrested with great roughness, and conveyed in hackney coaches, cabs, &c., to the barracks at the Quai d'Orsay.

No. 4. *General Aspect of the First Erected Barricade.*—The insurgents erected this street defence at the corner of the Rue des Grandes Andriettes and Rue du Temple. A *marchand de vin* is on the left; on the right is written "*Roussau, Pharmacien*;" and further on there is an open apothecary; on the right is an optician's shop, with a pair of spectacles as a sign, and a lot of illegible placards. The barricade was made of carts, &c., the *premier* having been removed; the foreground is a pool of water. High old-fashioned houses at the end of the street lead to the quays.

No. 5. *Boulevard Montmartre, showing the Rue Montmartre.*—The immensely elevated houses of this quarter display marks of the conflict. The glass windows are pierced in all directions; the blinds are wide open, some of the sides of the *persiennes* being nearly shot off. Cavalry line the streets; some of the cuirassiers are dismounted, and are in groups near their horses. A great crowd of men in blouses is coming down the Boulevard; some wounded and dead are carried by, in the foreground, on litters borne by their comrades. "Nothing could be more striking and picturesque," writes our Artist, "than this scene—the space being so great, and the groups of soldiery and people so varied in costume and colour."

No. 6. *Barricade of Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle.*—A great deal of perspective is shown in this Engraving: the near portion goes up hill, then down, and up again into the distance. Several artillery waggons with hay, piled up very high, are coming along the street. As usual, cavalry is seen in force. The house on the right was completely razed and smashed in all directions with shot, and the entire *façade* was defaced—shutters falling and hanging. The well-known columns on which theatrical and other bills were stuck were pulled down for barricades, or crumbled into bits by the cannon.

No. 7. *The Mairie Barricade of the Porte St. Denis, at Six in the Morning of Friday.*—The barricade was taken by assault by the 72d regiment of the line, the President's pet corps, with detachments of lancers at their front and on their flanks, supported in the rear by two battalions of Gendarmes Mobiles on foot, and two regiments of cuirassiers and dragons. The Porte St. Denis had been recently whitewashed.

Our Engraving represents the people looking at the ruins of the barricade; the artillery are seen at the foot of the monument with pointed cannon. The soldiers are seen bivouacking round fires, and crowds in every costume are gathering. On the left is the white stone house from which the stones were used for the barricade, and an immense cart-wheel is partially seen.

No. 8. *Barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Death of M. Baudin, the Representative, and M. Madier de Montjau Wounded.*—This barricade was formed at the corner of the Rue St. Marguerite, by about 300 individuals, with MM. Baudin, Madier de Montjau, and Esquiros at their head, at about noon on Wednesday, the 3d. Vehicles were upset and stones and other materials raised into a barricade, which was attacked by the Colonel of the 19th Light Infantry, but the troops did not fire until the insurgents discharged their muskets and a soldier fell mortally wounded. The infantry fired a volley in return, and M. Baudin was killed, and Madier de Montjau wounded. The insurgents then fled in all directions. M. Madier de Montjau is in custody, but is recovering from his wound.

No. 9. *Reading the Proclamations.*—Various groups of the kind depicted in our Engraving were seen in every direction—the sullen and horrid-looking men in caps and blouses, the prominence of whose jaws and cheekbones develop the unmistakeable physiognomy of the professional *émeutier*. The soldiers—with their little caps, wide trousers, and Arab cloaks—looked on unconcernedly at the proclamations.

No. 10. *Interior of the Prison of Mazas.*—The Maison d'Arrêt, Mazas, where Thiers and other representatives were taken after their arrest, is entirely a new prison, on the Pennsylvania Penitentiary principle. It is situated on the Boulevard Mazas, Faubourg St. Antoine, just opposite the Lyons Railway station. It consists of six large naves, each three stories high, and containing about 180 cells each. Mazas was built in place of the old prison, La Force, which is coming down. Mazas is called La Nouvelle Force by the population. There are, generally, upwards of 1000 prisoners therein, the majority committed for trial. After sentence these are removed to other prisons. The internal arrangements of Mazas are of a superior order. There is a plentiful supply of water on every floor, and the cells are warmed by hot air, and lighted with gas. The bedding of the prisoners is good, and the allowance of food sufficient, if not abundant. At nine o'clock the gas is turned off. Government inspectors visit the prison to ask if there be any complaints. The Faucher Ministry, in their grand coup against the foreign residents in Paris, took about 700 into custody, on the pretext of a conspiracy, who were sent chiefly to Mazas.

No. 11. *Barricade of the Rue de Rambuteau and Rue Denbary.*—At the corner is a workshop with four balconies, the windows all smashed with bullets, and occupied by soldiers when this drawing was made by our Artist last Saturday. The sentinels, with bayonets fixed, are at the door. The remains of the barricade, broken wheels, &c., are seen in the foreground, with soldiers bivouacking around a wood fire, and their muskets piled. Groups in caps and blouses are gazing at the scene. Some of the infantry have on their Arab cloaks.

No. 12. *Aspect of the Boulevards.*—All the cavalry, cuirassiers, and carabiniers are drawn up in squadron in battle array, with plquets in advance. Four cuirassiers are posted, pistol in hand, looking towards the street; they have their naked swords attached to the wrist. The commanding officers, dismounted, are seen around the fire, and the only persons allowed to pass were the vendors of *La Patrie*, the Napoleon organ.

No. 13. *Clearing the Streets.*—Here is depicted the mode of clearing the streets, and of ordering the inhabitants of the houses not to look out of window, on pain of being shot. The bugle is heard in advance of the skirmishers. The commanding officer, sword and pistol in hand, is calling out, "Open the blinds" (the Venetian blinds or *persiennes* of the windows of Parisian houses, through which insurgents fire). "Shut your windows, or I will fire!" The skirmishers are thrown out, as if on the field of battle; the mob is running away, and the troops *en masse* are in the background.

No. 14. *La Conciergerie.*—A Division of the Municipal Guard (Faisit).—This passes at the grand flight of steps of the court of the Palais de Justice. On each side of the steps are the arcades leading to the Conciergerie and Tribunal of Police. The Conciergerie is a prison of great historical interest; it is under the Palais de Justice. Louis XVI., the Princess Elizabeth, the King's sister; Marie Antoinette, Robespierre Layalet, Louvel, the assassin of the Duke de Berry; Malchibey, Condorcet, Lavaur, &c., have been in turn the occupants of the dungeons. The Municipal Guards are round an immense fire, the smoke of which partially obscures the grand staircase. The soldiers are waiting for orders, and the iron gate is half opening to receive a prisoner.

No. 15. *Division of Troops at the Hôtel de Ville.*—The division under General Levasseur defended this point. How different the aspect presented by our Engraving to that displayed during the *fiets* in August last, in honour of the English visitors! (See front page of Number.)

POLITICAL CAREER OF LOUIS BONAPARTE.

WHILE these extraordinary and exciting events are enacting in France, and their issue is yet uncertain, one naturally pauses to inquire into the antecedents of the individual who has, of his own will, thrust himself into so much questionable notoriety, and the motives by which he is actuated. Upon the latter point we apprehend there is little room to doubt. The establishment of "law and order," about which the ex-President so freely but so vaguely discourses, means nothing else than the establishment of the law of the sword and the order of imperial succession.

The only incident wanting to make the position of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte clear in the last-named particular, is that he should be the lineal representative of his family—which he is not, although he pretends that he is. Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is the only surviving son of Louis, the second younger brother of Napoleon Bonaparte. Louis was King of Holland from 1806 till 1810, and afterwards retired into privacy, as Comte de St. Leu—dying in 1846 Lucien, the first in order next to Napoleon, and consequently Louis senior, died in 1840, leaving a son, the present Prince of Can, who is really the head of the family. Moreover, this Prince is united in matrimony to Zenside, the daughter and only descendant of Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's elder brother, and the head of the family; consequently, his son Joseph, Prince of Musignano, born 1824, will in reality inherit the titles of the first and third branches of the Bonaparte family (counting Napoleon as the second), whilst the present occupant of the Elysées Bourbon represents the fourth. We believe that the ground upon which the latter pretends to represent the head of the family is, that Lucien was not recognised as a Prince of France until the year 1816—long after his other brothers. But this is a plea which would go for nothing in a case of succession, which is always regulated by primogeniture amongst those deriving from a common ancestor. Nevertheless, and disregarding the obvious construction of law, the hero of the late *coup d'état* has always put himself forward as the representative of the Bonapartes; inasmuch that, in 1841, upon the death of his elder brother (killed in the unavailing struggle of the Italian against the House of Austria), he adopted the signature Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, in compliance with the wish of the Emperor Napoleon, who, constantly cherishing the hope of a continuance of his dynasty, had imperatively commanded that the head of the family for the time being should always bear the name of Napoleon. And this formality, which



NO. 9.—READING THE PROCLAMATIONS.

of itself at the time seemed to be of no meaning, he followed up by some overt acts, which, though so weak in device and appliance as to end in ridicule, were doubtless intended to keep alive the pretensions of the Imperial family. The foolish affair at Strasburg in 1846, and the still more stupid affair at Boulogne, when *les bottes de mon oncle* and a tame eagle were the only "properties," seemed to many rather to entitle the perpetrator to an asylum in a *maison de santé* than in a gaol; and there were many sympathisers with the prisoner of Ham, who little dreamed that there was method in his madness" after all. The hero of Strasburg and Boulogne was wiser in his generation than the men of the schools: he had a right appreciation of the weak and frivolous character of the French; he knew with what trumpety display of tinsel they were to be captivated for the time. By his recent acts he appears to entertain an equally low estimate of their moral character in other respects. In what other country would the sanctity of an oath, the commonest forms of civic liberty, and the claims of character, be so unblushingly violated and trampled under foot?

Those who wish for further details of the earlier career of the elected

of 1848 we refer to the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for December 23, 1848. The memoir therein published brought his history down to the day when, after two years' exile in hospitable England—the least splendid, but also the least offensive, passage in his strange, eventful history—we find him inaugurated as President of the French Republic. Let us now take a hurried glance at the principal acts of his brief political career from the month of June, 1848, when he was elected by several departments—Charente Inférieure, the Seine, Yonne, and Moselle—as a representative; and when, though the act of proscription against the Bonaparte family was still unrepealed, the National Assembly (June 13) recognised him in his capacity of deputy. "If the French nation impose duties upon me, I shall know how to fulfil them," was the somewhat suggestive reply of the future dictator to the President of the Assembly.

Things went on till the time arrived for the election of the President of the Republic, the issue of which astonished everybody, except those who knew the weaker points of the French character. To repeat our own expression in the memoir previously referred to, "the votes were summed up—the name Bonaparte acquired upwards of five million votes—the man Cavaignac little more than one million." And how nobly did that "man," that stern patriot, demean himself in this unlooked-for, and certainly unmerited, defeat! Having held absolute dictatorial power over the destinies of France for six months, having fought the terrible fight of order against anarchy, and re-established the confidence of the French nation in the protective power of authority, General Cavaignac prepared at once to surrender the powers with which he had been entrusted by the French nation; he even hastened the inauguration of his successor (!), apprehensive, from information which he had received, that "demonstrations calculated to provoke insurrection were meditated, both by the Socialists, and by those ultra-Napoleonists who dream of the restoration of the Empire." To quote the report of this day's proceedings:—

General Cavaignac, having ascended the tribune, said—"I have the honour of informing the National Assembly that the members of the Cabinet have just sent me their collective resignation, and I now come forward to surrender the powers with which it had invested me. You will understand better than I can express the sentiments of gratitude which the recollection of the confidence placed in me by the Assembly, and of its kindness for me, will leave in my heart."

Cavaignac thanked the Assembly for the confidence they had placed in him; they had got on together, as, in troublous and agitated times, in comparison with which the atmosphere of that day was glorious and cheering sunshine. M. Louis Bonaparte also promised to be on as good terms with the collected representatives of the nation during his period of office.

Having mounted the tribune, the President read to him the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, to which M. Louis Napoleon replied, "*J'le jure*." He then



NO. 10.—THE PRISON OF MAZAS.



NO. 11.—BARRICADE OF THE RUE DE HAMBUDEAU.

asked leave to address a few words to the Assembly. The suffrages of the nation and his personal sentiments, he said, commanded his future conduct, and imposed upon him duties which he would fulfil as a man of honour. He would treat as enemies of the country whoever should attempt to subvert the Constitution, and between him and the Assembly would exist the most perfect harmony of views. He had called around him men distinguished for talent and patriotism, who, notwithstanding the differences of their political origin, would assist him in consolidating the new institutions of the country. He then eulogised the becoming conduct and loyalty of which General Cavaignac had given so many and such signal proofs, and pledged himself strenuously to labour to accomplish the great mission of founding the Republic, without recurring to reactionary or utopian means; and, with the assistance of God, he trusted to achieve useful, if not great, things.

This speech was received with unanimous cries of "*Vive la République!*" and M. Louis Bonaparte, having descended the tribune, went up to the seat of General Cavaignac, and cordially shook him by the hand. The new President was then met by M. Odilon-Barrot and his friends of the Right, who escorted him out of the hall.

It seems like a dream to read these brief but teeming sentences, and to contrast the picture they present with the reality of what has since occurred. Every promise, every vow, made upon that occasion has been



NO. 12.—ASPECT OF THE BOULEVARDS.



NO. 13.—TROOPS CLEARING THE STREETS.

successively and flagrantly broken, and all, as it would now seem, with premeditated design to subvert the Constitution, by virtue of which he was placed in power. The "men distinguished for talent and patriotism," whom, in the first instance, he had called around him, he soon discovered were not the men for the work he had in hand, and which he had only a limited time to get through, and before the end of the year the Odilon-Barrot Ministry was summarily dismissed, and that system of puppet-ministration commenced, in which neither genius, experience, patriotism, nor honesty of purpose can interfere to temper or qualify the absolute will of the dictator. It is notorious that the intermeddling policy in Italy, where the arms of Republican France were brought to restore an effete ecclesiastical absolutism, was the first stroke of policy by which the President sought to ingratiate himself with the Church party, and by which he shook the confidence of the Assembly, enraged the Republicans, and rendered arduous and thankless the duties of a responsible Ministry. M. Louis Bonaparte saw the difficulty of his position, but did not hesitate to take this opportunity to free himself from the control and supervision of "men distinguished for talent and patriotism," who had still some latent hopes of "consolidating the new institutions of the country." On the 31st of October, 1849, he addressed a message to the Assembly, in which he says:—

"The good understanding between the different authorities of the State cannot be maintained unless, full of mutual confidence, they explain themselves with frankness. The French Ministry ought to be composed of men capable of great political devotedness, appreciating the necessity of a steady and sure march—of men who will not compromise the Government by their hesitation, and who never lose sight of their own responsibility and that of the President, as well in their deeds as their expressions."

And with such generalities the Assembly and the French nation were blinded, and the Ministry of Rayneval and d'Hautpoul appointed. To go through the story of successive warning-sign or "transition" Administrations would at this moment be a mere loss of time. All that they achieved towards the "consolidation" of the institutions of the country was to gag the press, and to prohibit the expression of public opinion, under any shape or form. There was but one ruling mind to be left in France! in which was but one idea—that of an enormous egotism.

The Church party having been propitiated and military ardour gratified by the bombardment of Rome, sausages and champagne were called in requisition still further to test the *bonhomie* and devotedness of the army. The result was perfectly satisfactory, so far as that point went; but it cost the capital of France the services of a Changarnier, and the Treasury an extra credit to the President of two millions of francs to defray the cost of his *largesse*, although the Assembly refused the extravagant vote as a permanent allowance, for which M. Louis Bonaparte never forgave them.

Then came the ostentatious progresses through the provinces, the feasting, and the speechifying, in which "the consolidating of the new institutions of the country" was forgotten in the perpetual recurrence of a "great name," and the policy and institutions of a "great ancestor," the elements of which had in reality been scattered and destroyed in the convulsions of three successive revolutions. Can anybody with the commonest powers of perception reflect upon these proceedings, in which the brief allotted period of service of the head of the State was wasted in extravagant conviviality, and apparently meaningless verbiage, and doubt the end to which they were intended to lead? And, with conviction upon this point, can any one read without blushing—blushing for the honour of humanity—the following passage

in the President's address to the Assembly, made but last winter namely, on the 12th November, 1850:—

"The uncertainty of the future," writes M. Louis Bonaparte, "excites fears on one hand, hopes on the other. Every one ought to sacrifice his particular wishes, and occupy himself only with what may conduce to the happiness of the country. If you decide that a revision of the Constitution ought to take place, a Constituent Assembly will occupy itself with the fundamental laws of the country, and will fix the attributes of the Executive power. If not, the people will again express its will in 1852. *That which now occupies me is not to know who is to govern France in 1852: I will employ the time which remains to me, so that the transition shall be made without any disturbance.*"

It is a remarkable fact, and one not without significance, that in this very session, namely, on the 5th Dec., 1850, the President, just entering upon his last year of office, obtained from the Assembly a vote of 40,000 additional troops, upon the ground of the "state of affairs existing in Germany."

The rest is fresh in all our memories. The Assembly, upon being appealed to in the session 1851, did not think proper to revise the Constitution so as to admit of the re-election of the President of the Republic; whereupon the President tore the Constitution to tatters, and dispersed the Assembly, imprisoning the most influential members. Let us recur to the promises of December, 1848:—"He would treat as enemies of the country whoever should attempt to subvert the Constitution. Well! and has he not acted up consistently to his engagements? When shook so warmly, Lamoricière, Changarnier—all that have been distinguished for talent or patriotism in the land—are thrown into dungeons, how should "the enemies of the country" be "treated?"—where should they be found, if not in palaces and high places?



NO. 14.—LA CONCORDE.—BIVOUAC OF TROOPS.

EXHIBITION.

PART I.

[illegible]

W B—Declined	Mr H Hull, is thanked
D, Parson's-given—We cannot inform you	J W D—Davidson a "short-hand"
AKKEN, Chilton—Tickets are not requisite	Q & D—We cannot inform you

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



No. 535.—VOL. XIX.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1851.

{ Two NUMBERS, 1s.
WITH SUPPLEMENT, GRATIS.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IN the sixty-two years that have elapsed since the memorable period of 1789, France has experienced many strange revolutions, and tried many different and contradictory forms of Government. Until the 2d of December, 1851, it might have been said of her that she had suffered every kind of calamity, made every possible experiment in liberty and in anarchy, and been subjected to every kind of despotism, from that of the most sanguinary of mobs to that of the most merciless of single tyrants. But strange and deplorable as her previous revolutions have been, with the sole exception of the first, they all sink into utter insignificance when compared with that astounding revolution which has been operated by the cool head and iron hand of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. History offers no example of such audacity as that with which the accepted heir and representative of the Bonapartes planned his *coup d'état*, or of such ferocity, cold, in-

flexible, comprehensive, and unpitiful, as that with which he executed it. Having resolved upon the act, and calculated to the minutest fraction what it would cost, having made himself sure of his instruments, and resolved that failure was impossible, he never allowed himself to hesitate. There were moments last week when one atom of fear or of mercy might have led to results which would have consigned him to the dungeon or the scaffold; but he remained stern and unyielding as fate, and did his work with as total an absence of feeling as if he had been a steam-engine and not a man. Compared with his despotism, that of his imperial uncle was mildness itself. European history offers no parallel to it. If we wish to find anything like it, we must look to Persia or to Morocco, where human heads may roll from the shoulders that bear them at the nod and caprice of an irresponsible autocrat, whose word is law, and whose slightest burst of anger or of spleen may be death to myriads.

For the present France is completely in his power. There is not

a particle of liberty of speech or action remaining, and the press is as mute under the regime of the bayonet as if the art of printing were not invented. Yet there can be no doubt, or at least there is none to our minds, that the result of the appeal to the people, which is to be made between the 14th and the 21st of this month, will be an acquiescence in the dictatorial power which M. Louis Napoleon and his unscrupulous and obedient army have assumed—and that five or six millions of votes will be recorded in favour of the President's retention of office for the ten years which he demands, or for life if he insists upon it. Indeed there is no choice left. It is Louis Napoleon and comparative repose on the one hand, or the most fearful anarchy and civil war, and a train of calamities which might appal the boldest imagination on the other. If so—and while adding our feeble voices to the general indignation that is heard throughout Europe—we, in common with others, may well ask, whether, after all, the French nation are not rightly served? They invited despotism, and they have got it.



They have got it, and they flatter it. Already the symptoms of adulation are abundant, and the bourgeoisie, as well as other classes, prove that in the full blaze of his success they will not only strew flowers in the pathway of the conqueror, but that they are ready to crouch beneath his hand, and to grovel in the dust at his feet. Their present subjugation would almost seem a befitting retribution for the choice which so many millions of people so blindly made of Louis Napoleon as their ruler. A man who had shown no wisdom, who had given no proofs of genius or patriotism, or even of talent, who was only known as the representative of a great military conqueror and a mighty civil despot, and as one who had committed two most reckless, and to all outward appearance, insane, acts—was suddenly invested, for his name's sake, with the chief power and authority in a country that believed itself to be free. It is scarcely to be wondered at, that this man, who really had talent, though nobody knew it—who was sagacious and far-seeing, as well as daring and self-confident—should have interpreted the choice thus made to amount to approbation of that military tyranny from which his name derived its greatest if not only splendour, and that he should have imagined that the French nation had willfully put its head into the noose, and asked no better than to be tethered as he would it, or led whither it pleased him. When we reflect coolly upon the events of the week, we are inclined to believe that this astounding tyranny was but the necessary and inevitable result of all previous revolutions, and an experience which France was fated to undergo. The French, as we all know, are pre-eminently a military people. Nothing flatters them so much as "glory." Their men of all classes strut for half their lives as soldiers, leaving work and business to the women. They are, moreover, trained to habits which make them the veriest despots over the weak, and the most abject of slaves when they find they have got a master. Another deplorable circumstance in the recent history of France should not be forgotten, and it is one for which that unhappy country must yet suffer long and keenly. It has no religion, no faith, no abiding principle of any kind. The tone of public opinion is low. Louis Philippe degraded the people by the sordid selfishness of his system of government. He acted upon the principle that every man had his price; that no virtue or genius was proof against a clever corruption; that honesty was a farce; that the people about him were all knaves, and that the only mode of governing such knaves, as he imagined them and all other men to be, was to rule them by cunning more acute than their own, and by a knavery more subtle and calculating. He acted upon this principle, and he fell; but the unhappy seeds which he sowed in the national mind produced their fruit. There is scarcely a public man of any note in France who has not shown that he would intrigue and re-intrigue for his own interests, oblivious of the higher interests of the nation. Even those who inveigh most loudly against the acts of M. Bonaparte, have no sympathy for such men as M. Thiers, and those, who, under his unlucky guidance, provoked the aggression of the President. Had there been ten honest men in the Assembly, had there been a fair and just public opinion in the country, had the French people understood what true liberty means, had they been a nation that could discuss a great principle without thinking it necessary to knock down or murder a conscientious opponent, M. Bonaparte might have tried his coup d'état in vain. Such success as his would have been inevitable among a sober-minded and really free people.

But France is not all rotten. The great ideas of 1789, 1830, and 1848 are not dead. The President has found it comparatively easy to make a conquest of the Legitimist and Orleanist factions; but his work has only begun. The youth of France are more noble-minded than their progenitors, and there is leaven in the mass, which sooner or later will pervade it all. In the meantime there are the sincere Republicans yet to be dealt with—possibly a minority in France, but the only minority that is likely to become a majority, and to be a thorn in the side and poison in the cup of the conqueror. Sincerity breeds fanaticism; and it needs no power of prophecy to be able to predict, that Louis Napoleon will form no exception to the great rule of compensation—that his dangers will increase with his power; and that his one life—which is the obstacle to the fulfilment of a thousand hopes—will be daily and hourly exposed to the dagger or the bullet of the maniac and the assassin. Louis Philippe—whose offences against the freedom of the French people were peccadilloes compared with the gigantic crime of Louis Napoleon—walked for seventeen years "in the shadow of death." The fate of the President will be the same. Henceforth he will not, if he be wise, show himself abroad without an escort; he will have to employ a taster at his meals, and to wear armour under his doublet, if he will not incur the risk of premature removal from the scene of his perilous splendour. This is a sad prospect for any man, even although, like poor Louis Philippe, he escape, as if by miraculous interposition, from the blows that are aimed at him by the insanity the revenge of individuals. The Imperial crown and the robes of Caesar are unspeakably dear at a price like this; but such is the necessary penalty of unscrupulous ambition; and Louis Napoleon, though he may escape so sad a catastrophe, can scarcely hope to escape from the danger and the dread of it.

But what will be the next move in this mighty game, supposing that the peasantry of the provinces, the old and unreasoning worshippers of the name and deeds of Napoleon, shall record for him the five or six millions of votes which he requires? In the first place, the army must be rewarded. But how is that to be done? The expenditure of France already exceeds her income, and the army cannot be maintained even on its present footing without the risk of a national bankruptcy at no distant period. And if France herself can afford no field for the employment and reward of this army—not likely to be less rapacious of pay and honours after such events as those of the last ten days than it was before—where and how is the President to dispose of it? The monster is made and must have its work to do, or it will turn upon its master. There must be many aspiring and embryo marshals in its ranks. Ney and Bernadotte are names of power to stir the ambition of the soldier. The batons and the dukedoms, the principalities and the splendour that were showered upon the generals of Napoleon, are charms that yet evoke ambition, or human nature is changed since the days before Waterloo.

Judging from the past, and from the character of Louis Napoleon, we should dread the danger of his flattering the passion of the French for foreign conquest, and of his seeking the support of the Red Republicans by some scheme of propagandism for their ideas—not in France, where he will be the despot, but out of it, where he will be contented to play the part of the friend of liberty. Let the Italians look to it. Napoleon the First was King of Italy. Napoleon the Second will possibly aspire to the same dignity, the more especially if the struggle to obtain it would employ his army, keep out of mischief the extreme Republicans, and flatter the military madness of his nation. We must own that we look to the future with apprehension; and so far from anticipating what Louis Napoleon, when he was yet true and unperjured, called "the close of the era of revolutions," we imagine that he has inaugurated an era of new revolutions, more frequent, longer continued, and more disastrous than the old. Men cannot commit such acts, nor nations acquiesce in them, with impunity.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

An uneasy calm—dreary, dark, desolate, oppressing men's minds with an undefined fear of some impending evil hidden in the future—has succeeded the murderous storm which swept with such unrelenting fury over Paris last week.

The ascendancy of Louis Napoleon and military violence is complete, and, in the capital at least, the French people succumb in sullen silence to the overbearing influence of that despotic power, the least opposition to which brings death, imprisonment, or exile.

In the provinces, however, where the blow has not been struck with such prompt violence, submission has not been so speedily exhibited; and it has been found necessary by the authorities to proclaim under martial law the greater number of the central, south-east, and south-western departments, where the Socialists and Red Republicans (with the countenance and support of the Legitimists, it is said, although this allegation appears to be but mere rumour) have raised the standard of resistance to the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon.

Amongst the departments named as being thus in a "state of siege," are the Nièvre, Var, Gard, Allier, Lot, Lot-et-Garonne, Basses Alpes, &c. As all the accounts which are published of the state of matters in these districts come through the hands of Government officials, they are to be little trusted, for everything unfavourable to the cause of Louis Napoleon is suppressed, and anything which can present his opponents in an odious light is assiduously selected and given forth to the public, who are unable to form an estimate of its truth or accuracy, since no provincial newspapers are suffered to be circulated in Paris until they are first overhauled at the Post-office, when, if they are found to contain any obnoxious paragraphs, they are not distributed; and of the Paris Journals, all those in opposition to the chief of "the powers that be" have ceased to appear, the few that do publish carefully abstaining from any statement or notice of occurrences which might compromise their safety. The *ex parte* news then, such as it is in general, is to the effect that in several towns of those districts the Socialists and Reds have attacked the peaceable inhabitants, putting to death several of the richest and most respectable, and giving themselves up to acts of indiscriminate violence, pillage, and bloodshed; and that they have succeeded in establishing a temporary reign of terror in those localities only where there were either none or insufficient troops to put them down; the soldiers being always represented as successful, and enthusiastic in the cause of order and Prince Louis Napoleon. The town of Clamecy, in the department of Nièvre, and the surrounding district, is especially mentioned as having suffered from the excesses and ravages of the Socialists.

If none but the Socialists are engaged in the movement, and if the opposition to Louis Napoleon is of the character attributed to it by the Government writers, it is absurd to suppose those local journals which can alone throw impartial light upon, and confirm, these accounts. It is that suppression of free opinion which makes people suspect that the matter is otherwise.

The insurgents are described as going about the country in bands of fifty and one hundred, robbing, murdering, &c.; and it is added that they draw their inspiration from the Government offices, "that there is nothing national, nothing patriotic, in this movement; that it is pure *jaquerie*, and that the municipal councils and chambers of commerce, which, by protests against Louis Napoleon, had given a sort of political sanction to the proceedings of the Socialists, are now joining the authorities to put them down; that no alarm is felt by the Government as to the result, although it will be a work of time to quell the movement, and the greatest excesses are to be feared; that it is known that all the outbreak had been organised, and that some chiefs of the Mountain tried the operations; that orders have been sent by telegraph to the authorities to show no mercy to these plunderers and assassins; and that several journalists who had given the first signal for a rising have been arrested."

For the truth or probability of these representations we cannot vouch, as long as the ordinary channels of communication are impeded or stopped altogether by the Government. We, therefore, only give them as we find them. The following is the purport of the more important of the Government accounts:—

The latest news from Strasbourg reports the agitation to be over. The cavalry made two charges in the Place d'Austerlitz, and two barristers, MM. Beyer and Catelot, were arrested. After this all was quiet.

Nineteen persons were arrested in the Jura, including M. Barbier, the editor of the *Tribune* of that department, who was taken from his residence in the village of Villars, a conflict having taken place between a squadron of General Castellane's dragons and a large body of insurgents, in which the latter were routed, and four prisoners taken. In a similar affair at Bay-le-Cliff, five prisoners were made.

At Saint-Simon, near Mâcon, a severe engagement took place on the 6th between the military and armed insurgents to the number of five or six hundred. Five or six of the latter were killed, twelve taken prisoners, and the remainder completely routed.

The refugees in Switzerland have not succeeded in crossing the frontier into France.

From the south the latest news is more serious. At Béziers a large armed band surrounded the Mairie. A volley was fired at them, which killed eight and wounded several. They then fled, but shortly afterwards returned with reinforcements, and fell upon two gentlemen, MM. Bernard and Vernier, whom they killed and mutilated with hatchets. They were afterwards driven out of the town by the troops.

At Capetang scenes nearly similar are said to have occurred. In Mayenne, Castelnaudary, and Malaise, there have been risings, but, so far as is yet known, without resulting in bloodshed. A large number of prisoners have been made, who are forthwith to be tried at Toulon.

At Montpellier, General Rostaing has taken 174 prisoners. The troops despatched to that town have been assisted by Bayonnette, Mulhouse, and in the Tarn-et-Garonne, but that the authorities are everywhere victorious.

The Prefect of the Haut Maine has ordered that any officer or soldier of the National Guard who may put on his uniform without having been legally convoked shall be arrested.

It is stated officially that complete tranquillity is restored to the departments of the Eure, Seine-et-Marne, Haute-Marne, Vosges, Côte-du-Nord, Dordogne, Cantal, Ariège, Eure-et-Loire, Lot, Vosges, Haut-Rhin, Meuse, Côte d'Or, and Yonne.

The Council-General of the Ile-et-Vilaine has protested against the act of the 2d December, with the exception of three members. The Council-General of the Loire-Inférieure has protested unanimously. Colonel Neigre, Commandant at Havre, has declared, in an order of the day, that the Chamber of Commerce of that town has violated the constitutive law of its existence, by expressing its opinion upon the acts of the Executive. He intimates that if the Chamber of Commerce mixes itself up with politics he will dissolve it.

In Paris, meanwhile, the system of repression is carried on with a high hand and with undeviating persistency. The most rigorous censorship is exercised over the press. Several of the ex-representatives, especially members of the Mountain, have been arrested. Amongst these are MM. Carboneau, Ceyras, Chabert, Chavassien, Gavarret, Gambon, Guirry, Perdigier, Richardet, Mathé, Chaix, and Huguenin, who represent several of the departments of Gers, Corrèze, Ardèche, Loire, Nièvre, Pyrénées-Orientales, Seine, Jura, Allier, the Hautes Alpes, and Haute-Saône; also MM. Burgard, Chamot, Canst, and Lafon; whilst M. Scholcher (who was wounded on Wednesday, the 2d), Bancel, and Jules Favre have found it necessary to fly the country.

The number of prisoners at present is said to be 1800.

Preparations are making also to establish evidence on which to bring the generals confined at Ham to trial. M. Thiers, who was released from prison on account of the illness with which he was there attacked being so serious that it was feared he might die, and thus give rise, by his death, to a suspicion of foul play on the part of the Government, has not been permitted to remain in the country; he was removed from Paris on Wednesday, under an escort of gendarmes, to the frontiers, en route, it was said, to Germany, and it was reported at the same time that M. Léon Faucher was to suffer a similar deportation.

This latter, however, is but a rumour, and has not been confirmed.

On Tuesday a decree was issued by Louis Napoleon which has

brought all his despotic measures to a climax. In this extraordinary document he announces that he will transport to the tropical swamps of Cayenne, or to Algiers, for a term of from five to ten years, all persons, subjected to surveillance of high police, who break their ban (that is, quit the district in which they are obliged to live), or have belonged to secret societies. In other words, he proposes to transport all persons whom he may regard as obnoxious to him, or suspect of being opposed to his schemes of ambition. Residence in Paris is interdicted, also, to all persons under surveillance.

The decree is as follows:—

The President of the Republic, on the proposition of the Minister of the Interior, in view of the need of order, labour, and security; that for too many years society has been profoundly disquieted and troubled by the machinations of anarchy, and by the insurrectional attempts of the members of secret societies and liberated convicts, always ready to become instruments of disorder; considering that, by their constant acts of revolt against all laws, this class of men not only compromise tranquillity, labour, and public order, but also unjust attacks at all deplorable calumnies on the sound part of the working population of Paris and Lyons; considering that existing laws are insufficient, and that it is necessary to make modifications in them, whilst consulting the duties of humanity with the interests of general security:—

Art. 1. Any individual placed under the surveillance of the police, who shall be proved guilty of the offence of *rupture de ban*, may be transported, as a measure of general safety, to a penitentiary colony at Cayenne or in Algeria. The duration of the transportation shall be the first year of the term of the offence. Art. 2. The same measure shall be applicable to individuals proved to have formed part of a secret society. Art. 3. The fact of being placed under the surveillance of the police shall be, for the future, to give the Government the right to determine the place of deportation, the conditions of residence, and the mode of punishment. The Administration shall determine the formalities for proving the continued presence of the condemned in the place of his residence. Art. 4. Residence at Paris and in the *banlieue* is interdicted to all individuals placed under the surveillance of the police. Art. 5. The individuals designated by the preceding article shall be obliged to quit Paris and its *banlieue* within ten days from the promulgation of the present decree, unless they shall have obtained permission to remain from the Administration. There shall be delivered to those who may demand it a *feuille de route et de secours* which shall fix their route to their place of destination, and which they may have designated. Art. 6. In case of violation of the measures prescribed by Articles 4 and 5 of the present decree, offenders may be transported, as a measure of general safety, to a penitentiary colony at Cayenne or in Algeria. Persons transported under the present decree shall be subjected to labour in the penitentiary establishments; they shall be deprived of their civil and political rights; they shall be subjected to military jurisdiction; the military laws shall be applicable to them. However, in case of exemption from the establishment, the offenders shall be condemned to imprisonment, which cannot exceed the time during which they may then have to remain in transportation. They shall be subjected to military discipline, and subordination towards their chiefs and keepers, whether civil or military, during the period of imprisonment. Art. 8. Regulations for the execution of the present decree shall be issued by the Minister of the Interior. Art. 9. The Ministers of the Interior and of War are charged, each in what concerns him, with the execution of the present decree.

Done at Paris, at the Elysée National, the Council of Ministers being heard, the 8th December.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

A. DE MORNY, Minister of the Interior.

The Minister of the Interior has directed a circular to the prefects, with instructions to carry out the provisions of the electoral law of March 15, 1849, in the ballot of the 20th and 21st of December. The lists of March 31, 1849, will be taken as the base of the new lists, which will include all citizens who have since that period acquired the age of twenty years, and who are not under other necessary conditions in the law of March 15, 1849. The electors will hand in a closed ticket, inscribed simply, "Oui" or "Non."

The Commander-in-Chief, General Magnan, on Monday, and Louis Napoleon on Wednesday, visited the wounded soldiers in the various hospitals. On the latter occasion, crosses and decorations were distributed to the men with his own hands by Louis Napoleon. He has been seen leaving the hospitals, when troops have been employed in active service in putting down riots. It is said he is reckoned if they were engaged in the field. The Archbishop of Paris also visited the wounded in the hospitals of the Hôtel Dieu, Gros Caillon, St. Louis, Val du Grace, Charité, and Roule, on Wednesday.

By another decree the Pantheon has been restored to its original purposes of religious worship, as the Church of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. This magnificent building, which since 1830 has been regarded as the last splendid monument of the Revolution, and the last in the revolution of that year, whose names are inscribed in golden letters upon its walls, was commenced in 1757 by the order of Louis XV. In 1791, the Constituent Assembly, in the spirit of the Revolution, changed the character and name of the edifice, calling it "Le Pantheon Français." In 1822 it was again restored as a church, and consecrated as such in the name of Sainte Genevieve by the Archbishop of Paris. But in 1830 it again became the Pantheon; and now, by a fourth transformation, it is once more a church.

A commission of three mayors, an architect, and doctor, presided over by the Prefect of the Seine, is appointed to value the damages done to innocent victims. A credit of 200,000 fr. is opened to the Minister of the Interior to provide for the first needs.

On Monday night the first public reception took place at the Palace of the *coup d'état*. It was a crowd of thousands of people, and it was found necessary to throw open additional rooms for the reception of the company. There was an extraordinary number of officers of all ranks present. The members of the *corps diplomatique* were also very numerous, and a considerable number of ladies, among them a good many of our countrywomen.

THE LATE EVENTS IN PARIS.

The wanton and indiscriminate massacre of unoffending spectators, by the continuous fusillade of the flying crowds on the Boulevards in the afternoon of Thursday, the 4th inst., will for ever brand with infamy the troops and leaders engaged in that ferocious affair.

An admitted loss of 800 lives on the part of the "people," the civil as contra-distinguished from the military population, and that the work of little more than an hour, in the evening of the 4th, was the "Revolution" from above," which has just been accomplished in Paris. The number of the wounded is not mentioned, but it must be very large indeed, when the slain are so many. On the part of the troops there were 1 officer and 15 soldiers killed, and 105 wounded—a disproportion to the civil loss that indicates with painful clearness the fearfully earnest and reckless spirit in which the fierce work of the 4th inst. was carried out. The savage warfare of the 4th inst. was an unfortunate fellow-countrymen, who no longer suffer within their own homes, and at their own hearths, those atrocities which, when indicted by the very same hands under which they themselves now cover upon foreign foes, they in their giddy thoughtlessness and vain ambition regarded as the fitting income of their zealously worshipped national idol—military glory. Fearful and instructive retribution! A few of the incidents of Thursday will show the reckless character of the onslaught. A respectable *marchand de vin*, near the Porte St. Martin, had gone for a moment outside his shop to speak to a person who was passing. The troops came up, and a Socialist who was standing by him shouted, "A bas Napoleon!" One of the soldiers who was in advance raised his musket to fire upon the Socialist before the officer could raise his sword to prevent the fire, and the ball, instead of hitting the Socialist, struck the *marchand de vin* on the temple, and he fell dead in sight of his wife, who was the only man in the crowd who was not a soldier. The Boulevard was struck on the hand as he was sitting in his drawing-room. A respectable tradesman was shot at his desk. In one house a gentleman was sitting in his drawing-room, with his wife and daughter, when five balls came through the window, and passed just over their heads, lodging in the wall opposite. Two gentlemen of fortune, brothers, who resided at Vaugirard, near Paris, were crossing the Boulevard, opposite the Passage des Panoramas, and were both shot dead.

At half-past three in the afternoon (of Thursday, the 4th), writes the correspondent of the *Chronicle*, he went out to see and study the Boulevard des Italiens, the Boulevard Montmartre, and the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, were drawn up the whole way across the street, so as to touch the *trotoir* at each side. The foot-pavements were crowded with spectators, and in the balconies of the houses of each side were to be seen thousands of ladies and gentlemen. There was not a barricade within a considerable distance, and certainly not within sight. Things were in this position when, all of a sudden, a running fire was opened on the people on the foot-pavements and in the balconies. Fortunately, it was not a close range, but it was a running fire, so that considerable numbers had time to escape, but still the carnage was dreadful. To one house, at the corner of the Rue Bergère there were carried no less than 25 dead bodies, besides those carried elsewhere; and it may truly be stated that among this mass of victims there was not a single insurgent.

The excuse given by the Government papers for this wanton act was that shots had been fired from the troops from two or three different houses, which were named the Café de Balcon, the Café Tortoni, the Café de Paris, the Hôtel de Castille, and others in the neighbourhood of the Boulevard. It is very probable, however, that this was entirely a mistake. Both the *Constitutionnel* and *Patrie* now admit that they were mistaken.

If it be true, as is reported, that the order given to the troops was, "Spare nothing, but especially the *balcons* and the blackcoats," the massacre on the Boulevards will be handed down as one of the most wanton acts of cruelty ever committed.

Most of the four or five hundred persons killed on the spot were young men who had taken no part in the struggle. The same was the case with the hundreds who were wounded, and are now suffering untold agonies in hospitals. At least twenty of the wounded and ten of the killed were English, who happened to be at the scene of action when the unlooked-for discharge was made upon the troops from a house in the Boulevard Poissonnière. It is now ascertained from various sources that the authorities permitted and encouraged the erection of the barricades, in order to draw out their opponents, so as to strike a blow against them with advantage.

The correspondent of the *Daily News*, in support of this opinion, says:—

Among the poor fellows who were dangerously wounded in the fight on Thursday at one of the twenty or thirty barricades was a commissary of police in citizen's dress. On being taken home to his mother, he confessed that he had wickedly assisted at the building of the barricade, and urged others to do the same, by direction of his superiors.

The fact confirmed me in the opinion I had before formed, when witnessing the operation of the insurgents at their strongest barricade, in the Porte St. Denis. That opinion was, that, seeing there was no policeman or soldier present, to prevent the first stone being thrown, it is evident the French were led on and encouraged in all their demonstrations by the authorities.

UNITED STATES.

Advices from Boston to the 26th ult. state that great preparations continued to be made at New York for the reception of Kosuth. Letters had been placed in the hands of the pilots for the purpose of requesting Kosuth to stop for a day with Dr. Doane, the health officer at the quarantine. The steamer *Oregon* was then to be sent down with an official delegation, to escort him to the city. Kosuth will be landed at Castle Garden, where he will be formally received by the federal and the city authorities, and an address will be presented to him. He will then review the troops on the battery, after which a procession will accompany him to his quarters at Irving-house, where the following night a grand military and civic dinner will be given him and his companions by the city authorities.

Jenny Lind was singing at Boston on the 26th; the excitement was quite as great as on her first visit some months ago. Every ticket was sold, and a premium was, in numerous cases, offered by those who were too late.

From Central America it is announced that the Panama railroad is finished from Nary Bay within a short distance from the terminus at Manzanilla. The late riots and murder at Chagres had caused great excitement. The town of Chagres is now inhabited by the worst of characters from all parts of the British, French, and Dutch West Indies. The old fort of San Lorenzo has been garrisoned with militia until the regular troops can be sent from Panama.

WEST INDIES.

We have intelligence this week from these islands, and from Mexico. Under head of Jamaica, November 15th, we learn that cholera continued to rage in several parts of the island. A gale of wind had done considerable damage on the coast about Black River and other localities. A slight shock of an earthquake had taken place.

In Mexico the country is for the most part in a state of insurrection, particularly the state of Tamaulipas.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Accounts of the same unsatisfactory character as those for some time past have been received this week from the Cape. They are dated Nov. 4.

The Chief Sandili, it was expected, would attack Fort Hare, and thus give our troops an opportunity of cutting his forces off at one blow. The Chief Kreli, another powerful chief, was also expected to do so. The details of the actual state of things in the various leading localities of the seat of war are meagre and confused. Numerous depredations are reported from simultaneous inroads of the enemy in nearly all the frontier districts. On the 1st of October a body of 500 or 600 Kaffirs swept off the cattle from around Fort Brown, including the draught oxen of a large convoy of wagons. The Kinges coast went in pursuit, and recaptured the greater number, and killed most of the enemy. From all the numerous districts around the Kat River levy are mentioned, and an attack on the place was expected.

Colonel Eyre, when on patrol with about five hundred men, had discovered the grand rendezvous of the enemy, established in one of the deep kloofs of the Fish River, between Double and Committee's Drifts, and within half a day's ride of Graham's Town. It appeared to contain several thousand Kaffirs and Hottentots, and great numbers of cattle, sheep, &c. The position was almost inaccessible, and the number of the enemy so large, Colonel Eyre did not consider his force numerous enough for an attack, and therefore withdrew.

A patrol of about 1200 men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Michel, with artillerymen and two six-pounders, were about to proceed to the Fish River bush, to form "flying camps" on the ridge running from Fort Peddie to Bothas Post, and there, in company with the detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre, to give the enemy no opportunity of encircling the stronghold of the enemy, and cut off his supplies.

The rumours from beyond Kei are more favourable. It was reported that the Kaffirs had made an attack on Whittles, and had been repulsed with heavy loss.

In the Sovereignty we learn that Bloom Fontein is in a very precarious situation, and Major Warden has brought difficulties upon the country which he finds it no easy matter to manage. The conference, during which the coming down with a large force, in order to "prevent the effusion of blood," should he and his Boers stir up and take part with Moshesh in any extensive movement upon the colony, the consequences would, for a time, be most disastrous.

THE COAST OF MOROCCO.—FRENCH HOSTILITIES.—THE ENGLISH CAPTIVES.

In our late edition last week we noticed the bombardment of the Moorish towns of Salee and Rabat, by the French fleet, on the 28th ult., on account of the refusal of the local authorities to give an indemnity for some French property destroyed there. For eight hours the steam-ships under command of Admiral Dubouzon continued to pour into those places a storm of shot and shells, until Salee was nearly razed to the ground, and Rabat was considerably damaged. The Moors, in the meantime, did their best in returning the fire from the Castle of Rabat, and from some other places of heavy ordnance which they brought to bear on the French fleet. One man was killed and seven wounded on board the *Ursary IV.*, the admiral's ship. On shore the loss of life amongst the Moors was very great. The great devastation the fleet wrought, and on the 29th cast anchor in Tangier Bay. Immediately afterwards several officers of the squadron landed, and had an interview with Sidi Mohamed Elktibi, Bashaw of the province and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Emperor Abderraman, and Mr. Drummond Hay, the British Chargé d'Affaires. The conference, during which the population was in the greatest anxiety, lasted for some time; and shortly after the admiral's ship fired a salute of 21 guns, and the compliment was duly returned by the town, in token, as was generally understood, of a settlement of the differences having been agreed to by the Admiral Dubouzon and the Minister. The terms are not known at present. It is confidently reported that Mr. Hay's friendly intervention contributed to the happy issue of the conference.

The conversation which prevailed in the city was thus dispelled, and the population reassured. Mr. Morell has again resumed his functions as Consul-General. With reference to the crew of the English merchant vessel *Violet*, who were lately captured by pirates on the Riff coast, we learn from Melilla, under date the 13th ult., that the negotiations for their ransom were in a state of forwardness, notwithstanding the distinction of the crew, and the great anxiety expressed for the liberation of the captives. Lieutenant Powell, the officer in command of H.M.S. *Janus*, who was severely wounded in the attack on the pirates, has been promoted to the office of commander of the *Janus*, and the question is settled. All the surviving officers of the *Janus* who were in the late engagement with the pirates have been promoted.

THE GERMAN MEDICAL POLICE.—The police in Cologne has issued a notice to all street musicians, street bands, and exhibitors of animals with musical accompaniment, that "rally-sounding" instruments, or instruments out of tune, are henceforth prohibited. Foreigners who thus outrage the ears of the public were to be turned out of the city; natives will have their licenses taken away. They must provide new instruments, or repair the old, and be provided with a certificate from a candler or maker that such repair has been undergone.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

THE EARL OF SUFFOLK.

THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS HOWARD, sixteenth Earl of Suffolk, and ninth Earl of Berkshire, was the second son of John Howard, first Viscount of Suffolk. He was born the 18th of August, 1776, and succeeded to the family honours on the demise of his father, the 23rd of January, 1820. He married, the 14th January, 1803, Elizabeth Jane, eldest daughter of James Earl Lord Sherborne, by whom he had the 1st April, 1830, he has had issue four sons and five daughters. His eldest son, Charles John, born the 7th November, 1804, succeeded him as seventeenth Earl. Thomas Earl of Suffolk died on the 4th inst., at his seat, Charlton House, near Malmesbury, Wilts. His Lordship, the representative of an ancient distinguished branch of the noble house of Howard, was a warm admirer of agricultural pursuits, and was much esteemed and beloved by his neighbours, friends, and all around him. In politics he supported the present Government. The Earl had lately resided wholly in London, and had only left his town house in Clarges-street for the country two days before his death.

SIR W. P. CALL, BART.
SIR WILLIAM PRATT CALL, Bart., of Whitford, in the county of Cornwall, was the elder son of John Call, an English merchant, and a commissioner of Crown lands, who was created a baronet the 28th July, 1791, and died the 1st March, 1801. Sir William, the subject of this notice, who succeeded him, was born in Nov. 1781; he married, the 19th June, 1805, Louisa, third daughter of George, 8th Earl of Granard, by whom (who died the 25th June, 1830) he has had, besides four daughters, one son, his successor, now Sir William Berkeley Call, the present and third Baronet. Sir William died at his seat, Whitford House, Cornwall, on the 3rd inst. The worthy Baronet resided wholly on his property, and was a very kind and kind-hearted; he is much and generally lamented.

SIR JOHN GLADSTONE, BART.
SIR JOHN GLADSTONE, Bart., of Liverpool, and of Faques and Belfour, in the county of Kincardine, was the eldest son of the late Thomas Gladstone, Esq., of Liverpool, and grandson of John Gladstone, of Toftcombe, near Biggar, in Lancashire; he was born at Leith the 11th Dec. 1764. Going to Liverpool at the age of twenty-two, and embarking there in trade, the future Baronet rose from a common sailor to be one of the merchant princes of Liverpool. His life in point of commercial skill and enterprise has, perhaps, been unprecedented. He led the way for the Liverpool trade with the East, and his vessel, the *Amphitrite*, was the first that sailed from Liverpool to Calcutta. His public career was also one of some note. He was a member of Parliament, and during that time represented Lancaster, Woodstock, and Berwick. He was created a Baronet the 27th June, 1830. Sir John had previously, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped the final *s* in his surname. He married, first, in 1792, Jane, daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., of Liverpool, by whom (who died in 1798) he had no issue. Sir John Gladstone wedded, secondly, in 1799, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, in 29th April, 1800, Anne, daughter of John Robertson, prospector and agent, by this lady, who died the 3rd Sept. 1835, he had issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, succeeds him, and is the present baronet; the fourth son is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the distinguished Conservative statesman; one daughter only survives her father. Sir John Gladstone was, by Royal licence, dated the 10th Feb. 1833, dropped



ELIE JEAN FILIEUL, "THE JERSEY PATRIARCH," DIED DEC. 3, 1851, AGED 102.—FROM A CALOTYPE.

of twenty feet. The Aéroite, judging from circumstances, must have been three feet in length; it is of a beautiful ash colour, friable, soft, and gritty, and somewhat resembles pumice.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN, AT JERSEY.

ELIE JEAN FILIEUL, the fine old man known as "the Jersey Patriarch," died on Wednesday week. His end was peace; he had no disease whatever. A correspondent, writing from Jersey, states that he was at the old man's bedside a few hours before his death: "they told me," says our informant, "that he was dying; he appeared to be simply short of breath; he was surrounded by his children and grandchildren; and a few hours after, without pain or struggle, he ceased to breathe."

Elie Jean Filieul was a native of the parish of St. Clement, in the island of Jersey, where he had lived for a century. He stated that he was born in the year 1749, and such is the belief of his neighbours and

descendants; but it appears by the parish register that he was not baptized until 1755.

He was brought up to the business of a village tailor; he was in full possession of his faculties to the day of his death; he could thread a needle without spectacles, and his hearing was perfect. He was of a social and jovial turn, had lived well and worked hard. He scouted the notion that frugalism is conducive to long life. He enjoyed a pipe of tobacco and a glass of ale, and related over them his "saul warld cracks" with infinite humour.

When Jersey was invaded by a French expedition, in 1781, under Baron Rullecour, Jean marched with the East Regiment of Militia (of which regiment he was a sergeant) to assist in the repulse of the enemy; he remembered all the circumstances attending that affair, and the *esprit de corps* which is so remarkable in the inhabitants of Jersey in general, existed to the last in the old man's heart; for in the month of August last, when a number of militia-

men were at practice, target-shooting on the sands near Pontac, Jean joined the party, and, taking a musket from one of the young men, sent its bullet through the bull's-eye—the best shot by far that was made that day.

COLONY OF JEWS IN THE CENTRE OF CHINA.

It has long been known that there is a colony of Jews residing at Kao-fing-foo, in the centre of China. The fact was first brought to the knowledge of the European public by the Roman Catholic missionaries during the seventeenth century; since which time, the accounts received regarding them having been so few and meagre, their very existence has been almost doubted. Hebrew letters have been forwarded to them from time to time by various individuals, but have never elicited any reply; and up to the present year the only certain information we have possessed has been from the letters of missionaries. An expedition



CHAUO KIN-CHING.

having been recently set on foot, at the instance of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, the result has been quite as satisfactory as might have been expected. Two Chinese, in the service of the London Missionary Society at Shanghai, were despatched in November last on a mission of inquiry, and have returned, bringing accounts in every respect confirmatory of those who had preceded them, and also six small sections of the law written in antique Hebrew, and two Hebrew rituals, all in manuscript. The descendants of the Hebrew race they found; who, although losing many of their ancient characteristics, were still living a distinct people in the middle of the Chinese city, notwithstanding they have in every respect adopted the Chinese dress and mode of living; they are still looked down upon and despised, not only by the privileged sects, but also by the Mohammedans, of whom there are a very large population in the same city. The last rabbi died nearly fifty years ago, and they have never found any one to supply his place. Not one among them can now read Hebrew, although the travellers, being admitted into the most holy place of the synagogue, found thirteen rolls of the law carefully preserved. Their religious service is now given up and the great portion of the people are in extreme poverty. On the return of the two travellers to Shanghai with the above account, it was resolved to despatch them a second time, with a commission to purchase



CHAUO WAN-KWEI.

all or any of the rolls that could be procured; and they were so far successful as to obtain six of them, which are now at Shanghai, and will be shortly forwarded to London for the benefit of biblical scholars. One of these is of considerable antiquity; the others are in excellent condition, written on very thick white sheepskins; each contains 359 columns, varying in width from three to nine inches each. Each roll contains the whole Pentateuch. Besides these rolls, they also brought about forty more sections of the law, five or six being duplicates; about a dozen rituals, some for the daily service, one for the Feast of Purim, one for the day of Atonement, and some others. There is also a genealogical table of the principal families living there, written in Chinese and Hebrew. A Hebrew and Chinese letter, which they had received last year from Mr. Layton, English Consul at Amoy, is also among the papers. Two of the native Israelites also accompanied them to Shanghai, one a literary man, who is now studying Hebrew under one of the missionaries. There is nothing in any of the books that have come to hand that can give any clue to the early history of this people. It is stated on a tablet in their synagogue that they first came to China during the Han dynasty (about the beginning of the Christian era), bringing tribute of coloured cloths from India. Their small books indicate a Persian origin. Nothing has yet been discovered in the Chinese records respecting the sect, but perhaps future research may throw some light on their history.

Annexed are the portraits of the two Israelites. Chauo Wan-kwei, aged forty, is a Chinese student, and was a teacher of the children in his sect. Chauo Kin-ching, his brother, is about forty-three, and has a very slender knowledge of letters.



THE GREAT AEROLITE, FROM THE NURENBERG HILLS, NEAR MONGST, IN DIA.



PART OF THE CROWN COURT, SHOWING THE GREAT HALL IN THE DISTANCE, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

THE NEW ASSIZE COURTS, LIVERPOOL.

THE special commission for holding a winter assize was opened at the New Courts, St. George's Hall, on Saturday, by Mr. Justice Erle, who, with Mr. Baron Parke, arrived in Liverpool in the course of the afternoon.

The judges took their seats on Monday morning at 11 o'clock, when Mr. Baron Parke, who presided in the Crown Court, proceeded to charge the grand jury; after which the learned judges adjourned for a short time and were entertained at a *déjeuner* by the mayor and corporation to celebrate the opening of the New Courts. Mr. Justice Erle presided in the Nisi Prius Court.

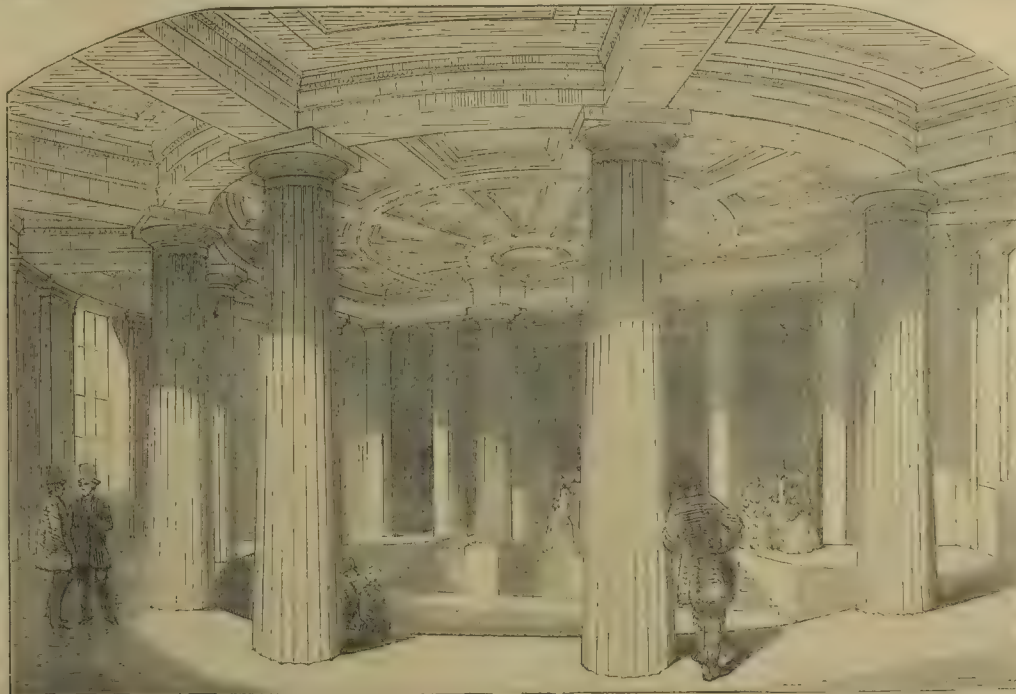
We give two views of the New Courts: one being part of the Crown Court, and the other the North Hall, one of the lower Halls of entrance in the magnificent St. George's Hall.

The View of part of the Crown Court shows a screen of four columns of polished grey granite, with an arched way which separates it from the Great Central Hall, and which, in its vaulted immensity, forms an exquisite vista as seen through the columns; and the beauty of the view is heightened by the contrast of the red colour of the granite pillars in the Hall with the cold grey tint of those in the screen between the hall and the Crown Court. The Great Hall is yet incomplete; but its great size, correct proportions, and the elegance of style pervading every part of its enrichments, make it one of the most remarkable of the architectural productions of our day. Indeed, we believe this Hall, when finished, will be without a rival in its beauty and effect. It is reported that the organ for this Hall will be the largest in Europe; and it is *on dit*, also, that Mr. Willis, whose great organ in the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations attracted universal notice, has been appointed to construct it.

The Assize Courts are very elegant rooms, of simple and chaste deco-

ration, and they open into the Great Hall, at either end by arched ways, of which our Engraving shows, as before stated, that to the Crown Court. Flights of steps lead into the Courts, and then there are gang-ways round the seats for spectators. We believe it is intended, should these beautiful entrances be found inconvenient through opening into the Great Hall, to hang draperies in the spaces between the columns.

The North Hall, which forms the second of our Illustrations, is semi-circular in plan, and, from its novelty of arrangement and pure classic taste of character, is eminently beautiful. The columns are Grecian Doric, and standing on a raised story, in which is an entrance doorway, their appearance is very fine. A flight of steps leads to the floor of the Hall, and thence other steps lead to a vestibule giving access to various offices and portions of the Assize Courts. The space between the semi-circular range of columns and the wall forms an ambulatory; and our View is taken from this part, looking across the Hall.



THE NORTH HALL, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK
FOR 1852.

mission, would immediately call upon them to subscribe to the erection of a new German church which should be worthy of their religion and country. The Cardinal said that the plan was projected, and he hoped that the next time he addressed them it would be in a new and beautiful church. The site of the church is not yet decided upon, but it is likely to be in Whitechapel, which contains a large German population.

BIRMINGHAM AND MIDLAND COUNTIES CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.

THE COURT AT OSBORNE.

There have been great rejoicings lately in Monaghan, county Armagh, owing to the happy advent of a son and heir to the Right Hon. Lord Rossmore. His Lordship's reply to an address of congratulation presented to him by the inhabitants of the town was particularly appropriate.

Rear-Admiral J. W. D. Dundas, C.B., First Naval Lord of the Admiralty, held a levee at Whitehall on Tuesday.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

unique in their kind. These are 8000 in number; and comprises all the remarkable sculptures of the above places, besides those found at Stabiae, and those of the vast collection of the Museo Borbonico and other museums of the Two Sicilies. The casts from the Museo Borbonico are the first ever made, the King of

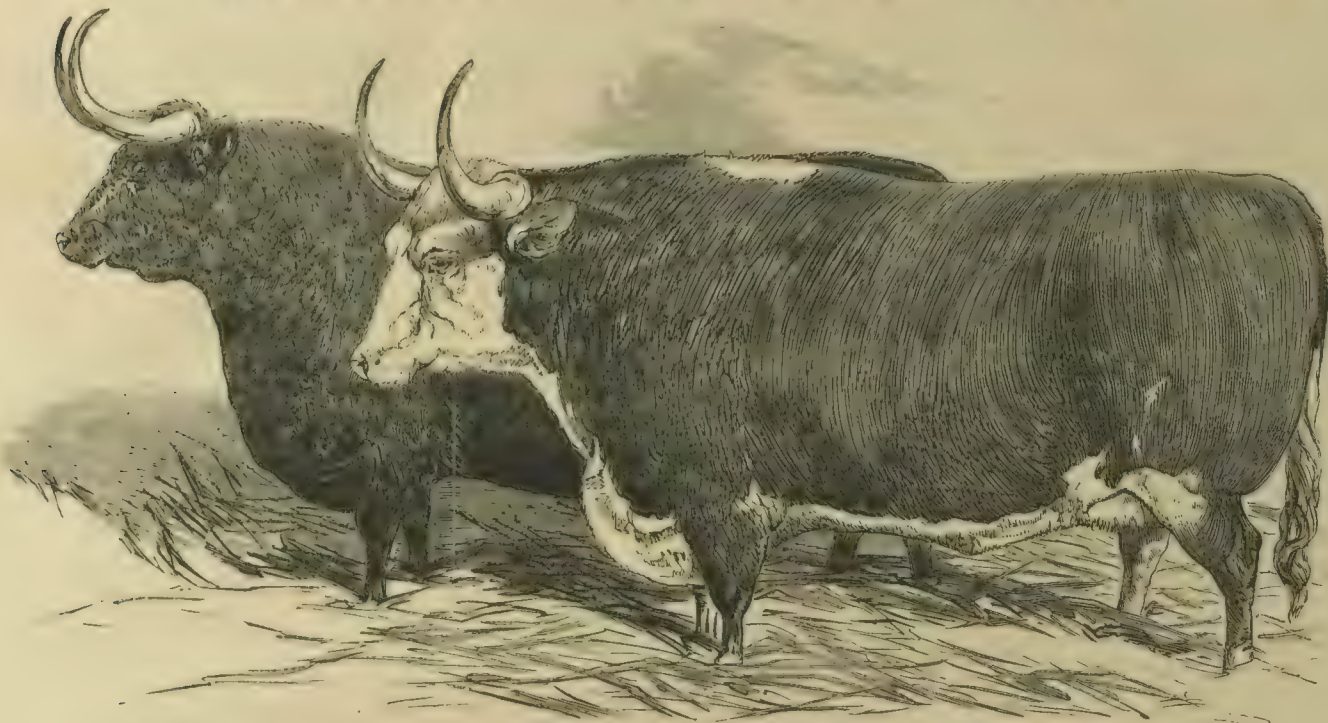
re. He had descended the pit to visit Bacon, his companion, and for the reason unknown he went into the dangerous board-hole with a naked candle; the consequence was, that his light caused an instantaneous explosion, powerful as to project large quantities of debris out of the mouth of the shaft, which is 164 yards deep. Ramsden's body was consumed to ashes; Stones and an extraordinary quantity of coal and iron ore were blown into the air by the explosion.

orders from the police to hand over to him all the letters which should arrive from England. He is obliged to open them in the presence of the head of police; and the letters addressed to Patacki Pieringer are kept back, forwarded to the Austrian staff at Altona. That has already taken place three times."



THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, 1851.—GENERAL VIEW.

SMITHFIELD CLUB PRIZE CATTLE.



CLASS C. NO. 85.—MR. KINDERLEY'S PEMBROKESHIRE OX.—£10 PRIZE.

CLASS 2. NO. 20.—MR. LONGMORE'S HEREFORDSHIRE OX.—£30 PRIZE.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

THE annual Exhibition of this useful and highly influential society took place during the present week, the private view being on Monday evening last, after the judges had given in their decisions. The public were admitted on the following morning. As regards numbers, the stock exhibited exceeds that of previous years; and, as a whole, the quality was more than equal to that of previous exhibitions. The Herefords fully maintained their high reputation, as might be surmised by the number of prizes carried off with animals of this breed. The Herefords did not come up to an average; notwithstanding, the new arrangements regarding classification of the animals were highly favourable for their chances of success. The short-horns were neither as numerous nor successful as in former years, except in Class 7, fattened cows and heifers, in which they showed above other breeds, and, in all probability, will for some time to come continue to do so. This gives us the opportunity of remarking that the value of a breed must not be estimated by its carrying off prizes either at the Smithfield or agricultural shows, cattle being required for other purposes than to be slaughtered for beef. The supply of milk, cheese, butter, and veal are quite of equal importance. The choice of a proper breed depends, therefore, upon the juxtaposition of market, soil, climate, &c. As a general rule, it may be stated, that for fair arable and grazing farms the Hereford is the best for feeding purposes; where the climate is somewhat severe, the Devon ought to be preferred, particularly if the herbage is scanty; for the production of milk, butter, cheese, and veal, the short-horns excel all others, as the cows will make a greater weight of good fair beef after the third calf, with a less expenditure of food, than any other breed.

In Class 1, for oxen and steers of any breed, above 4 and not above 5 years old, the prizes of £30, £15, and £5 were respectively taken by a 4 years and 10 months old Hereford ox, a 4 years and 6 months old short horned steer, and a 4 years and 10 months old Hereford ox; the last being fed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

In Class 2, oxen and steers of any breed above 3 and not exceeding 4 years old, there were exhibited some very fine animals; that which obtained the principal prize in this class being decidedly the best animal

in the Exhibition. It was a 3 years and 8 months old Hereford steer, bred and fed by Mr. E. Longmore, Ardington, near Ludlow, Salop. The second prize animal was very good: the same remark applies to one fed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert; the last two were Herefords.

In Class 3, oxen and steers of any breed above 2 and not exceeding 3 years old, the Herefords were triumphant, the prizes of £25 and £15 being awarded for two animals of that breed, each 2 years and 10 months old, the fortunate feeders being Mr. Joseph Phillips, of Ardington, Berks; and his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

In Class 4, oxen and steers of any breed, not exceeding 80 stone weight, the principal prize of £20 was awarded to an animal of the North Devon breed, fed by the Earl of Leicester. The second prize of £10 was given to a Hereford, fed by Mr. D. Maydwell, Ashted, Surrey.

In Class 5, for animals over 80 stone, the first prize was given to the Earl of Leicester, for a beautiful animal of the North Devon breed, 3 years and 8 months old. The second prize of £5 was also given to a Devon, belonging to Mr. Bond, near Taunton.

In Class 6—Scotch, Welsh, or Irish—the only prize, £10, was awarded to a Pembroke ox, 6 years old, which, though a good animal, was by no means as favourable a specimen of that breed as we have sometimes seen. In this class there were some good useful animals of the Galloway and West Highland breeds, but not possessing any distinguished merit.

In Class 7, cows and heifers under 5 years old, the short-horns took away all the prizes; the principal one, £20, being given to that worthy old English farmer, Mr. Samuel Druce, of Eynsham, Oxford.

In Class 8, fattened cows, 5 years and upwards, a similar remark applies; short-horns taking the £20 and £10 prizes.

In Class 9, fattened cows of 5 years old and upwards, having had at least two calves, the only prizes, £20 and £10 each, were awarded to short-horns—thus justifying our preliminary remarks.

In sheep the Leicesters were good; all the praise we further add is, that there did not appear to be any retrogression. In long-wools the Cotswold continue to hold their deservedly high character; and, if no improvement was perceptible in the animals of the Southdown class, belonging to the most celebrated breeders, there were evident symptoms that others were fast coming up to them. His Grace the Duke of Richmond obtained the first prize; Mr. J. V. Shelley coming in second best.

In pigs, Mr. J. Coate, near Blandford, obtained a prize for some good animals, 25 weeks and 2 days old, though we really could not see their superiority over an adjoining pen exhibited by Sir John Conroy, Bart. We may remark that Sir John appears to have two excellent breeds, one black and the other white, in Class 20, pigs above 26 and not exceeding 52 weeks old. Mr. Coate also obtained the head prize for a pen of three 29 weeks and 5 days old improved Dorset pigs. His Royal Highness Prince Albert obtained the second prize for an excellent pen of Bedford and Suffolk pigs. In Class 19, pigs above 12 and under 18 months, Mr. Coate obtained the principal prize for some very fine animals, the Earl of Radnor taking the second prize for his excellent Colehill breed. In the extra stock of this class the only prize, a silver medal, was awarded to Mr. William Culiford, of Hayling Island, Havant, for a very large black pig, 2 years and 9 months old, designated as the Hampshire and Sussex breed, but which we consider belonged to the Rudwick.

We subjoin the list of prizes:—

OXEN OR STEERS.

Class 1.—The first prize of 30 sovereigns to No. 4, viz. to Mr. William Heath, of Ludham-hall, Norwich—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. John Oakes, of Alcott, Church Stretton; the second prize of 15 sovereigns to No. 1, viz. to Mr. William Henry Brickwell, of Lechlampstead, Bucks; the third prize of sovereigns to No. 6, viz. to his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Class 2.—The first prize of 30 sovereigns to No. 20, viz. to Mr. Edward Longmore, Ardington, near Ludlow—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. Edward Longmore; the second prize of 15 sovereigns to No. 27, viz. to Mr. William Heath, of Ludham-hall, Norwich; the third prize of 5 sovereigns to No. 29, viz. to his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Class 3.—The first prize of 25 sovereigns to No. 55, viz. to Mr. Joseph Phillips, of Ardington, near Wantage, Berkshire—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. Thomas Carter, of Dodmor, near Ludlow, Salop; the second prize of 15 sovereigns to No. 51, viz. to his Royal Highness Prince Albert; the third prize of 5 sovereigns to No. 52, viz. to Mr. Isaac Niblett, of Cooyra Farm, Fliton, near Bristol.

Class 4.—The first prize of 20 sovereigns to No. 61, viz. to the Right Hon. the Earl of Leicester, of Holkham-hall, Norfolk—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. William Baker, of Bishop's Nympton; the second prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 62, viz. to Mr. Daniel Maydwell, of Ashted, Surrey.



CLASS 8. NO. 122.—MR. JOSEPH CHILLET'S DURHAM, OR SHORT-HORNED COW.—£10 PRIZE.

CLASS 3. NO. 55.—MR. JOSEPH PHILLIPS'S HEREFORD STEER.—£25 PRIZE.

SMITHFIELD CLUB PRIZE CATTLE.



CLASS 3. NO. 51.—PRINCE ALBERT'S HEREFORD OX.—£15 PRIZE.

CLASS 1. NO. 4.—MR. WILLIAM HEATH'S HEREFORD OX.—£30 PRIZE, AND SILVER MEDAL.

Class 5.—The first prize of 15 sovereigns to No. 76, viz. to the Right Hon. the Earl of Leicester, of Holkham-hall, Norfolk—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. George Turner, of Barton, near Exeter; the second prize of 5 sovereigns to No. 78, viz. to Mr. Thomas Bond, of Bishop's Lydeard, near Taunton.

Class 6.—The prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 85, viz. to Mr. G. H. Kinderley, of Kilpaison, Pembroke.

COWS AND HEIFERS.

Class 7.—The first prize of 20 sovereigns to No. 102, viz. to Mr. Samuel Drace, of Eynsham, near Oxford—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. Samuel Drace; the second prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 105, viz. to Mr. Richard Stratton, of Broad Hinton, near Swindon, Wilts; the third prize of 5 sovereigns to No. 112, viz. to Mr. John Phillips, of Ardington, near Wantage, Berkshire.

Class 8.—The first prize of 20 sovereigns to No. 121, viz. to the Right Hon. Lord Feversham, of Duncombe-park, Helmsley, York—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to the Right Hon. Lord Feversham; the second prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 122, viz. to Mr. Joseph Gillett, of Little Hasley, near Wheatley, Oxon.

Class 9.—The first prize of 20 sovereigns to No. 125, viz. to Mr. William Holland, of Litchfield, near Halfpenny—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. William Holland; the second prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 129, viz. to Mr. Robert Benman, of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucester.

LONG-WOOLLED SHEEP.

Class 10.—The first prize of 20 sovereigns to No. 155, viz. to Mr. R. L. Bradshaw, of Burley-on-the-Hill, Oakham—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. R. L. Bradshaw; the second prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 159, viz. to Mr. R. F. Hall, of Hesley, near Bantry; the third prize of 5 sovereigns to No. 156, viz. to Mr. George Walmley, of Rudston, near Bridlington.

Class 11.—The first prize of 20 sovereigns to No. 171, viz. to Mr. Lawrence Willmore, of Whetstone, near Leicester—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. Lawrence Willmore; the second prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 168, viz. to Mr. Thomas Pulver, of Broughton, near Kettering; the third prize of 5 sovereigns to No. 164, viz. to the Marquis of Exeter, of Burghley House, Stamford.

LONG-WOOLLED (NOT BEING LEICESTERS).

Class 12.—The prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 173, viz. to Mr. Robert Beman, of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucester—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. Robert Beman.

CROSS-BRED SHEEP.

Class 13.—The first prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 189, viz. to Mr. J. R. Overman, of Burnham Sutton, near Burnham Market—a silver medal to the

breeder, viz. to Mr. J. R. Overman; the second prize of 5 sovereigns to No. 188, viz. to Mr. Samuel Drace, of Eynsham, near Oxford.

Class 14.—The prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 194, viz. to Mr. J. R. Overman, of Burnham Sutton, near Burnham Market, Norfolk—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. J. R. Overman.

SHORT-WOOLLED SHEEP.

Class 15.—The first prize of 20 sovereigns to No. 211, viz. to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, of Goodwood, Chichester—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to his Grace the Duke of Richmond; the second prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 202, viz. to Mr. William Sainsbury, of West Lavington, Devizes.

Class 16.—The prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 213, viz. to Mr. William Sainsbury, of West Lavington, Devizes—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. William Sainsbury.

Class 17.—The first prize of 20 sovereigns to No. 220, viz. to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, of Goodwood, Chichester—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to his Grace the Duke of Richmond; the second prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 217, viz. to Mr. J. V. Shelley, of Maresfield Park, Maresfield.

SHORT-WOOLLED (NOT BEING SOUTH-DOWNS).

Class 18.—The prize of 10 sovereigns (the prize withheld)—silver medal to the breeder (the prize withheld).

PIGS.

Class 19.—The first prize of 10 sows, to No. 243, viz. to Mr. John Coate, of Hammon, near Blandford, Dorset—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. John Coate; the second prize of 5 sows to No. 246, viz. to Mr. William Mills Barber, of Langley Broom, Slough, Bucks.

Class 20.—The first prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 251, viz. to Mr. John Coate, of Hammon, near Blandford, Dorset—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. to Mr. John Coate; the second prize of five sovereigns to No. 252, viz. to his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Class 21.—The first prize of 10 sovereigns to No. 258, viz. to Mr. John Coate, of Hammon, near Blandford—a silver medal to the breeder, viz. Mr. John Coate; the second prize of 5 sovereigns, to No. 259, viz. to the Earl of Radnor, Colehill, near Faringdon.

The gold medal for the best ox or steer in Classes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, to No. 20, viz. to Mr. Edward Longmore, of Adforton, near Ludlow, Salop.

The gold medal for the best cow or heifer in Classes 7, 8, or 9, to No. 102, viz. to Mr. Samuel Drace, of Eynsham, near Oxford.

The gold medal for the best pen of long-woolled sheep in Classes 10, 11, or 12, to No. 155, viz. to Mr. R. L. Bradshaw, of Burley-on-the-Hill, Oakham.

The gold medal for the best pen of short-woolled sheep in Classes 15, 16, or 18, to No. 211, viz. to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, of Goodwood.

The gold medal for the best pen of pigs in Classes 19, 20, or 21, to No. 251 viz. to Mr. John Coate, of Hammon, near Blandford.

EXTRA STOCK.

A silver medal for the best beast in extra, to No. 65, viz. to Mr. William Heath of Ludham-hall, Norwich (this animal was too heavy for Class 4).

A silver medal for the best long-woolled sheep to No. 184, viz. to Mr. Lawrence Willmore, of Whetstone, near Leicester.

A silver medal for the best short-woolled sheep to No. 286, viz. to Mr. William Sainsbury, West Lavington, near Devizes.

A silver medal for the best cross-bred sheep to No. 200, viz. to Mr. John Hitchman, of Little Milton, Wheatley.

A silver medal for the best pig to No. 263, viz. to Mr. William Culliford, of Hayling Island, Havant, Hants.

COMMENDATIONS.

Class 2.—The judges commend No. 23, Mr. Richard Stratton's ox; No. 31, Sir C. E. Isham's ox. They highly commend No. 24, Mr. A. Beasley's ox.

Class 7.—The judges commend No. 101, Mr. Richard Healy's heifer; No. 103, Mr. Joseph Phillips's heifer; No. 111, Mr. Isaac Niblett's heifer. They highly commend No. 115, Mr. W. M. Gibbs's heifer.

Class 15.—Highly commended No. 203, Mr. John Williams's pen of Southdown wethers; No. 205, Messrs. W. and T. Arkcoll's pen of Southdown wethers. Commended No. 208, Lord Walsingham's pen of Southdown wethers; No. 210, Mr. J. R. Overman's pen of Southdown wethers.

Class 16.—Commended No. 216, the Duke of Richmond's pen of Southdown wethers.

Class 19.—Commended No. 241, Mr. William Goodson's pen of pigs; No. 247, Sir John Conroy's pen of pigs; No. 249, Mr. S. Marjoribanks's pen of pigs.

Class 20.—The judges highly commend No. 254, Sir John Conroy's pen of pigs; No. 255, Mr. Stewart Marjoribanks's pen of pigs; No. 256, Mr. Thomas King's pen of pigs.

Judges of cattle and long-woolled sheep—Messrs. James Quartley, Henry Chamberlain, Thomas Greenham.

Judges of cross-bred sheep (short wools) and pigs—Messrs. Edward Pope, John Ford, Jun., John Farncombe.

Stewards of cattle and long-wool sheep—Messrs. George Turner, John Buckley, William Loft.

Stewards of cross-bred sheep (short wools) and pigs—Messrs. James Webb, James Burgess, J. Saxby.



CLASS 7. NO. 103.—MR. DRUCE'S SHORT-HORNED AND HEREFORD HEIFER. £20 PRIZE, AND SILVER MEDAL.

CLASS 4. NO. 61.—THE EARL OF LEICESTER'S PURE NORTH DEVON OX. £20 PRIZE, AND SILVER MEDAL.

King — On the 6th inst., Henry Chapin, third son of the late Sir John De Veulle, Bart. of Jersey, aged 20 years — On the 8th inst., William George Grice, aged three years and three months.

THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.



NO. 16.—ARREST OF M. THIERS.

ARREST OF M. THIERS.

The residence, or hotel (as the Parisians style these fashionable residences), of M. Thiers is a villa, surrounded by railings with the usual gilt heads to the points. The soldiers in arresting M. Thiers did not enter the house, but remained in the street—they were the regular troops of the line; but the arrest was effected in the same manner as that of the African generals, namely, by *sergens de ville*, who wear long overcoats and cocked hats, with swords only, and no belt behind, and are employed in making criminal arrests, and in keeping order in the streets like our police. M. Thiers, it is stated, will now leave Paris as speedily as possible for Germany: he has long suffered from an affection of the larynx, and his sudden confinement in Mazas increased his complaint so strongly that the medical advisers recommended an immediate change of air.

ARREST OF GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

It has been remarked that the characters of the African generals were well illustrated in these recent arrests. General Bédau, whose mind is stated to be of a wily, scheming, and "managing" order, entered into argument and discussion; insisted on considering the matter of his arrest in a variety of lights, for the improvement of his captors' minds; and finally arrayed himself in full uniform,

in order to avail himself of whatever influence his *grande tenue* should chance to possess with those he might meet in his way. General Cavaignac, who was to have been married the next day, was probably, softened by this influential event, remarked on being arrested: "C'est juste." He only asked time to write to his lady-love, whom he chivalrously released from her promise, under the circumstances in which he was placed. The lady, to her honour, has replied, that the "arrest" was an additional attraction for him in her eyes. General Lamoricière made a most determined resistance, but was, of course, overpowered. General Changarnier was awakened in his bed by the officials, and as they called upon him to rise he sprang up, snatched up a brace of pistols, and exclaimed, "Je suis armé." The chief coolly replied that he saw such was the case, and that he was well aware Gen. Changarnier, by discharging his weapons, could kill a couple of those who had come to take him; but he suggested this course would scarcely be attended with appreciable advantages, inasmuch as the house was surrounded by soldiers, who would take summary vengeance for any death. Changarnier then submitted. He was arrested at his hotel, 3, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, by the *sergens de ville*. One of the Gardes Republicanes was in the room, with about twenty other officials, but no military. The *mouchards* were dressed in plain clothes. The soldiers of the line were in the street. The general, of course, was *en chemise*, but got out of bed

and commenced dressing, after he had been warned by his porter that was to happen.

Perhaps a few details as to the outward appearance of Paris during these arrests, as far as they fell within the scope of one individual's observation, may not be uninteresting. "I was no sooner up (says the writer) at eight this morning, than our *concierge* told me the Place de la Concorde was full of troops. I proceeded immediately along the Boulevards to the Madeleine. Very few people were in the streets at that hour. The first thing which struck me was that the telegraphic wire which passes along the Boulevards communicating with the ministries and forts and the railways was cut. I saw a small post before the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. If any persons appeared on the balconies, they were instantly warned backed by sentries posted at the corners of the streets. When I reached the front of the Madeleine I found the Rue Royale regularly occupied with troops. I observed a strong post before No. 3, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Changarnier's lodgings. The Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré was lined with troops as far as the Elysée. I passed without obstruction as far as the Place de la Concorde, which was occupied by troops, with their arms piled, and with cannon in the centre near the Obelisk.

"A regiment of lancers was drawn up along the quay towards Passy. No carriages were allowed to cross the bridge opposite the Assembly but I was allowed to cross on foot."



NO. 17.—ARREST OF GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

THE ILLUSTRATED

LONDON NEWSPAPER



VOL. XIX.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1851.

[GRATIS.]

MUSIC AT HOME.

We are not disposed to undervalue music—far from it. Music is an excellent thing, not only the source of one of our sweetest pleasures, but full of salutary and humanising influences. It has been given to mankind as a blessing, and as such ought to be received and appreciated. But, like every other blessing which we derive from the bounty of Heaven, it has been abused and perverted, till it has become (at least as generally cultivated in

society) little more than an instrument of vanity and a means of frivolous display.

It is as a branch of female education that music is chiefly abused in this manner. Gentlemen study and practise music as well as ladies; but it is something remarkable that gentlemen scarcely ever make such exhibitions of it as an accomplishment. In this respect, the comparative modesty of the sexes seems to be inverted. A lady, in a drawing-room, will sit down coolly to the piano, and entertain the company for half-an-hour with a dashing fantasia of Thalberg, or some of the other fashionable note-splitters of the

day. But what would be thought of a gentleman-amateur who should stand up, violin in hand, to play a solo of Ernst or Sivirot? Such an exhibition, certainly, we have never had the fortune to witness. But were it to take place, it is easy to suppose what comments it would give rise to. If—as it is a thousand to one he would do—he played very badly, scrambling, without tune or time, through the rapid flights, arpeggios, harmonies, and double stops, invented by the artist for his own especial bow and fingers, he would be unanimously voted a bore, and an impudent fellow. If he played tolerably—and it could be but tolerably at the best—



PART-SINGING IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.—DRAWN BY G. THOMAS.

and contrived to get through without positively offending the ear, he would give no pleasure to a company, every one of whom had probably heard Ernst and Sivirot themselves; and the best that would be thought of him would be that he played too well for a

man who had his business to mind, and other things to think of. Such a feeling would be excited by such an exhibition, whatever were the station or fortune of the exhibitor. Every gentleman, however independent, ought to have pursuits and occupations too

important to admit of his giving his days to the practice of a musical instrument. The unremitting labour necessary for the professional reputation of the artist, would, in the amateur, be mere waste of time in the indulgence of an idle propensity.

The same thing is the case with singing. A young lady, in every other respect sensible, modest, and retiring, sits down without scruple to inflict upon a party of her friends and acquaintance a "grand scena" or an "aria di bravura," from Bellini or Donizetti; something which taxes all the vocal powers of Grisi or Sontag. She cannot sing it—she screams and struggles through it in a way to excite ridicule or pity. But if she *could* sing it, she would be an object of greater pity still; for with what a cost of time and labour, with what a sacrifice of useful knowledge and acquirement, must her vocal proficiency have been attained! This, again, is not done by gentlemen. They learn to sing, and often sing very well; but we have no gentlemen Marios or Tamburinis in private society. Gentlemen take comparatively a small share in musical pastimes; but when they do, they generally confine themselves to what is fairly within the reach of an amateur. If they play, it is an accompaniment; if they sing, it is a song or a ballad, or they join in a duet, or a simple piece of concerted music.

This is one of the many consequences of the different education of the two sexes. Almost every girl is a musician, and makes a display of her musicianship. Most young men know nothing about music, but those who do, use their knowledge more discreetly.

Female education is more rational than it has been, but too large a proportion of it still consists of showy accomplishment. At boarding-schools, especially, young women, whatever may be their capacities or dispositions, are treated in one invariable way. They must all toil at the pianoforte so many hours a day; they must sing or scream their vocal scales and exercises; they must paint bright green and blue landscapes, or make copies of heads, finished off by their drawing-master; they must talk slip-slop French, and be perfect in the waltz and the polka; while their useful knowledge is gathered from the "Conversations" of Mrs. Marcet or Mrs. Markham, learned by heart as tasks, and forgotten as soon as learned.

Into the routine of young men's education, music, in this country, does not enter. Those who learn it, do so of their own accord, because they have a taste for it and love it. They study it for its own sake, and practise it for the pleasure it gives them. Their number, however, though increasing, is still very small; and, taken as a body, the gentlemen of this country are more ignorant of music as an art than those of any other country in Europe. Were our young men regularly taught the rudiments, at least, of music, and enabled (if their taste and inclination led them to it) to read music at sight, and to make some use of their voice or of an instrument, a great number of them would retain through life an elegant and agreeable accomplishment. It would then be an accomplishment in the exercise of which the two sexes would join more than they do at present. The art itself would gain by this; in the hands of the women, it would become more simple, in those of the men, more refined; and, in partaking of the pleasure derived from music, both sexes would be led to seek it in the purest as well as the grandest forms of the art.

There have been times when music was much more cultivated as a social art than it is at present. In Italy, the cradle of the fine arts, and pre-eminently "the land of song," music was, at an early period, an essential accomplishment of both sexes. That this was the case may be gathered from innumerable passages in the old Italian authors. Petrarch's sonnets are full of allusions to music, and Laura's singing and playing is a frequent theme of his enthusiasm. He himself was a performer, and he left his "good lute" as a legacy to his friend Tommaso Bonifazio, of Ferrara, "that he might play upon it, not for the vanity of a fleeting life, but to the praise and glory of the Eternal God." In one of his sonnets he speaks with rapture of Laura's singing in a "company of ladies, and, in another, speaking of her vocal powers, he says—

"Era possente
Cantando d'acquistar al suono ch'io ire,
Di superar la tempesta, montu,
E sgombrar d'ogni nebulia oscura e vile."

In the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, which is full of graphic pictures of the manners of his day, vocal and instrumental music is described as universal in elegant society. The party of ladies and gentlemen who flee from the horrors of the plague of Florence, and shutting themselves up in a country-house, endeavour to banish grief and fear by a life of mirth and amusement, are all musical. The daily pastime of story-telling is followed by music and dancing, and both ladies and gentlemen sing and play on the viol. At the end of the first day, for example, "after supper, the instruments were called in, when the queen of the day ordered that there should be a dance; and, after one had been led off by Lauretta, Emilia sang a song, in which she was accompanied by Dion on the lute."

Salvator Rosa was a most accomplished musician. He was a fine performer on the lute, and some of his vocal compositions, still extant, are among the most interesting musical relics of his time.

In this country music began early to hold a high place among elegant accomplishments. Chaucer makes men and women of all conditions singers and players on instruments. In the quaint old book, Peucham's "Complete Gentleman," music is dwelt on as an essential feature of the character. Shakespeare is full of beautiful allusions to the art, and to its general usage. They are to be found in every play.

The technicalities of musical harmony are used as familiar illustrations of the gravest subjects; as, in "Henry V.,"—

"For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music."

In those days the lute and the viol were the principal instruments in use over all Europe. They were played by both sexes, and divided between them the supremacy afterwards acquired by the harpsichord, and now by the pianoforte. The lute, the favourite instrument of poetry and romance, was played like the modern guitar, but was a much larger and finer instrument. The viol was of different sizes, treble, tenor, and bass. In England, almost every family of consideration had a "chest of viols," a set of instruments which stood in the same relation to each other as the violin, tenor, and violoncello do now, and served to get up a domestic concert. The lute and the viol continued in use till the end of the seventeenth century.

In the splendid era of Queen Elizabeth, music, of the most profound and learned kind, was universally cultivated among the educated classes. To sing in parts, or to take some instrument in concert, was regarded as essential to the character of a well-bred lady or gentleman. At a social meeting, everybody was expected, if called on, to take a share in the performance; and any one who declined on the score of inability was looked upon with some contempt, as low-bred and rude. Morley's famous treatise, the "Introduction to Practical Music," is prefaced by a dialogue between a young gentleman intending to learn music, and his friend. The young man relates a mortification which he had suffered at a party the preceding evening. "Supper being ended, and music-books, according to the custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I refused unfeignedly that I could not, every one began to laugh, some whispered to others, demanding how I was so stupid, and, upon shame of my ignorance, I go now to the old friend Master Gnorinus, to make myself his

Now these music-books, which were brought to the table after supper, and which every well-bred guest was expected to be able to read, are, even now, sealed books to all but educated and accomplished amateurs. They contained the madrigals and part-songs of the great Italian masters of that age, Palestrina, Luca Marenzio, Stradella, Giovanni Croce, and of their English rivals, Wilbye, Bennet, Weelkes, Morley, Kirbye, and others, whose names, to this day, are among the most illustrious in the history of music, and whose works, like the sculpture of ancient Greece, are exquisite pieces of art, which modern artists have striven in vain to imitate and to equal. The best modern madrigal stands in the same relation to a madrigal of Marenzio or Wilbye as the finest modern statue to a masterpiece of Phidias. But the performance of this beautiful music was quite within the reach of the lady and gentleman amateurs of Queen Elizabeth's day. It required a good ear, a moderate skill in the management of the voice, a cultivated taste, and an acquaintance with the principles and practice of the art; things which (as experience showed) could be attained without any undue sacrifice of time and labour; while, for those powers of execution which must always distinguish the professional artist from the amateur, and which must be acquired and preserved by the undivided toil of a lifetime, there was no occasion.

We are no great sticklers for "the wisdom of our ancestors." We believe that, on the whole, the world grows wiser as it grows older; but this is not the case in all things. Music in the olden time was more rationally cultivated, was a more social, elegant, and refined pastime, than it is now. Since those days, the state of the art has been greatly changed; it has become more extensive in its range, and more varied in its objects; while all classes have greater means than they ever had of acquiring such a knowledge of it as is suited to their various conditions. In our day, therefore, music is more capable than it ever was of being made a source of innocent happiness, and consequently of moral good to high and low; and this would be the case were it generally cultivated as a refined and beautiful art, and not made a vulgar amusement, or used for the gratification of vanity.

THE VERDICT OF THE WORLD.

A STORY FROM THE STATUTES.



HERE is a happy, quiet village embosomed in the luxuriant foliage of a Kentish valley, not sixty miles from the smoke and din of London:—this village shall be known as Dewberry. The woful story that now clouds many a bright face there, must be told without dragging the sufferers into the glare of public curiosity—though it is well to publish the facts, a veil shall be

thrown before the mourners—who ask but to grieve alone and unregarded.

In 184— Dewberry was a happy, prosperous spot. London was as strange a place to many of its inhabitants as Canton or Hyderabad. The seasons were marked by the bursting of the buds, the shooting corn, the ripened ears, the sunburnt apple, and autumn "laying, here and there, a fiery finger on the leaves;" not by the closing of theatres, the breaking up of Parliament, or the opening of the Session. These latter events were not very interesting to people who seldom journeyed beyond the nearest market-town, and who were engrossed throughout the year in agricultural pursuits. The maidens of Dewberry ruled in the poultry-yard and the dairy; the men turned the fruitful soil to the sun, gathered in the ripened harvests, and wore out the short days of frost and snow on the threshing-floor. The tide of time ran on without a ripple.

To Dame Marsden was entrusted the task of educating the peasant children. At eight o'clock daily, rudely urchins, with polished cheeks, and dirty, well-thumbed books, lifted her latch and ranged themselves upon benches in her little parlour. Mary Marsden, more than her mother perhaps, contributed to the instruction of her little neighbours. Her learning, goodness to her mother, and charity to the poor, were constant themes of praise. Critically, she was not beautiful. Her nose was decidedly not Grecian—almost the reverse; her mouth was rather large; and her complexion was, beyond dispute, tarnished by the sun; yet from this homely face there beamed an expression—a soul—that won more hearts than her neighbour, Martha Maxwell, with her finely-cut mouth and exquisite nose, could boast of having enchained. Mary's face was a mirror—faithful to the last—of her heart. Not polished, in the drawing-room sense of the word, her manners were pleasing—too truly modest to be noticed for their modesty. In short, she was one of those warm-hearted, simple creatures, who are never intrusive in their goodness; but who are content to track "the even tenor of their way" without an eye to mark the sustaining virtue which guides and protects them. Thus Mary daily toiled through the alphabet with the rustic youth of Dewberry; was ready to be called to a neighbour's sick-bed at any time; bore the temper of an erratic mother; uttered into the little grievances of children, and interposed when the parental rod was about to fall upon a truant's back. She was not the belle of Dewberry—she was too quiet and unpretending for the office; but in the hearts of the old, rather than the young, she held her seat without knowing it. Her father had been dead many years; she had but the faintest memory of him. Of the world she knew nothing. If she believed in evil deeds, her belief was dimmed by the distance at which they ever appeared to be from her. In the people about her she had never met with instances of criminal behaviour; though many, of course, were only remarkable for that negative morality which keeps clear of the law. She had never fallen in love; for she had never met with a nature sufficiently refined, in the moral sense of the word, to awaken her heart from the peace of its daily beating.

In 184—, the date when her story opens, an unusual abundance of game attracted a party of sporting gentlemen to a shooting-box situated about a mile from Dewberry. Among these was a man of superior intelligence, who, frank and open in his feelings, was greatly welcomed by the village folk. His companion treated the villagers with disdain; this made his rudeness the more remarkable. He strolled about the village in the twilight; chatted with the farmers who were added at the village inn; and told gossamer stories to the peasant children. One afternoon he sauntered into the village school-room, and found Mary Marsden correcting the errors of impatient Cocker. His manner, when he addressed Mary, was polite even deferential. He excused the liberty of his intrusion, put some of the children, and begged leave to cross-question

one or two of them. He made innumerable inquiries as to the rapidity of their progress; gave, apologetically, an opinion as to the best system of tuition; and, on taking his departure, very politely shook Mary's hand. The eyes that wandered after him as he passed through the garden-gate, had an unusual expression in them. Pausing here, the sentimentalist might pertinently write a disquisition, citing innumerable corroborative instances, on love at first sight. In the capacity of historian, however, it is only necessary to place facts logically—to hold the balance between truth and falsehood; therefore it may be declared, without preface, that the young sportsman made a particular impression upon poor Mary's heart, at once. His easy manners had effectually destroyed that sense of superior fortune which chills, in people of low degree, the sympathies which rise suddenly, and without bidding, between persons meeting for the first time. It was not love that she felt at first; it was only the tremor that marks its quickening. Had Robert Hassell never lifted her mother's latch again, Mary Marsden would have probably forgotten him in the course of a few months; but he came again and again. One day he brought a huge humming-top for her first scholar; on another occasion he had plums to throw among the children for a scramble. Mary welcomed him each time with a satisfaction as frank as innocence. If he talked to her, it was only about her scholastic labours; if he still lingered after the children had left for their respective homes, it was only to look over their copy-books. Even the minutest details of the little village seminary interested him, and Dame Marsden was not a little proud of the gentleman's high-flown compliments. He pronounced her homely teachings to be based on a profound knowledge of the infant mind; Mary's handwriting shamed Smart, and her definitions of words were infinitely more vivid than the lumbering explanations of Dr. Johnson. All this was said, and again and again repeated. There was not one touch of malice—not one glimmer of sarcasm perceptible in the words or expression of Robert Hassell. He was frankness itself. His learning was imparted without ostentation, as it was worn without pride. He talked always of elevating influences—of the subtle thoughts which give a keenness to the moral sense—of the harmonies of nature—of the things which humble arrogance to the dust. Mary listened, as the penitent to her priest. Had she read the mighty laws which rule the heavenly bodies? No. Step forth, then. The sun had passed below the horizon, and from the deepening blue the stars peeped forth one by one. The Milky Way crept like a silver film athwart the mystic dome; the moon peeped above a neighbouring hill. Robert Hassell read the glorious page with scientific precision, and with the music of a minstrel. The feet of the village maiden hardly pressed the sod. As the wondrous tale grew from the vivid brain of her companion, she crept unconsciously—but with the awful fascination that with a magnetic influence draws the pilgrim's feet to the edge of the precipice—nearer to her teacher. Still his solemn lesson went on, and she rose with him to heights which only the young and guileless dare. Every word penetrated her soul. To her he was a prophet;—she was in his leading-strings. Almost unconsciously, his hand enclosed hers, as they wandered back to the cottage; at the wicket he bade her adieu with a tender yet a solemn voice—but no word of love passed his lips. Mary walked into her home entranced. In a minute the quick, grey eye of her mother fixed its penetrating glance upon her. Mary awoke from her glorious dream—woke, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Mary, you have been a long time; neighbour Marshall tells me I had better look after you and that young man."

The fall was too sudden—too abrupt; Mary could make no reply. She felt that an infinite space separated her and her companion from the poor village people, among whom she was doomed to live; even her poor mother, on that night, was, to her, a common, narrow-minded, pitiable old woman. She was shocked at the coarseness of her neighbour's warning, as well as at the unconcern with which her mother repeated it. How little could they understand the sublime truths which formed the link—the only link of sympathy—between Robert Hassell and herself! What a vain task would it be to attempt any explanation!

"What have you been about, Mary? You look confused and stupid! Crazy like!"

Confused and stupid! She who had been lifted from the earth to look with rapture upon the machinery of the heavens—she who had never felt the purity of life before! How the grandeur of the scene was rolling away before the coarse human thoughts which were thrust in upon her! Yet the memory of his voice, the majesty (of her investiture) which encompassed his steps, the lofty purity which made her own innocence seem impure—how could these fade away!

Again he came: again he bade her penetrate the mysteries of nature. With him she learned the wondrous story that lay in every pebble at her feet; with him she unravelled the wondrous chemical machinery that pumped the sustaining juices from the bosom of the earth into the veins of plants. He talked of these things first, enchaind her irrevocably; then, and only then, he filtered syllables of a human sympathy—spoke of love. The miser knew his wealth—knew that within his grasp lay a heart over which he was absolute. He had but to command; his slave was ready. Dame Marsden heard the news of her daughter's betrayal with pride. Her old love had been a lady. Robert Hassell's companions might laugh and point at Mary when they passed her gate, but soon she would be as good as the best of them. Let the truth be told of Mary. Here, while we may, let us mark the purity that elevated her love; the purity that made her defenceless. It was enough to know that Robert Hassell loved her; enough for her that in his noble heart she had a share. His superior fortune did not separate them; so united, so sympathetic were their aspirations. Did she weep alone about her lot? This question was often asked by the prudent matrons of the village. Her virgin pride was a little wounded at this implied censure of the sentiments which existed between her and her lover. Still further did she feel herself removed from her neighbours; she prized their foolish ignorance; she was sad when she thought that her good name felt nothing of that grandeur which filled her soul. She clung more passionately to her teacher as the magic of his lessons I stened upon her soul. She entered into the heaven of her love with all the intensity of a novice. Persuaded that she was soaring, she felt wed, and held, the fastenings of her cherished guide. From the height to which he led her fervent imagination, he gradually began to point out to her the littleness of human dealing, the paltry considerations by which men were governed—the slavery of custom in which people existed. He surveyed the dimmings of his flower-mistress, and contrasted their littleness with the grandeur of the spirituality to which he had raised her. And thus entranced, this wondrous form he passed him by the power of the very virtues which had once adored it, he led her, by the waves of his mind, to his life.

To tell how, when she awoke from her dream, she soothed her troubled heart, how he allayed the wound, which gathered in her, how that potent spell which first bound her to the precipice became more exalted to soothe the smart of the fallen creature; how her mother came to comfort her and remove him; how she believed his story and remained to soothe the pains of his remorse; how she believed that, in the eye of her God she was his wife, how she clung to him, and dared the world, still whispering, with a woman's whole soul, the author of her shame; and how, at

last, maternal anguish was borne without a murmur,—would be to reiterate an old, old story, told again and again, in every journal that is laid upon the breakfast-table.

A pale, poor creature is wandering near the little cottage—the old school—of Dewberry. The windows are closed, not the faintest light streams from any casement. The old weathercock creaks under the pressure of the wind; the moon is smeared at frequent intervals by the scudding clouds. The leaves of autumn rustle along the high-road. A year has elapsed since the shooting-party inhabited the box that can be faintly traced upon the brow of a neighbouring hill. In the eyes of the poor wasted creature, who is wandering fitfully about, there is a serene heavenly light, when they are raised heavenwards. With what a rapt expression is that pale face turned to the stars! What history can that poor creature read in the mystic highway! She is not in distress, for her face is calm as a child's in sleep: is it not calmer? Is there not in that bosom a heavenly hope—is there not in that fevered brain a resolution that has vanquished fear? What tempts so young a creature to brave the night, with a child in its earliest swaddling clothes? A pleasant river murmurs not far off; thither she is driven. By whom? The world must answer. A lingering look at the darkened cottage, a few steps, and the mother and child are—where? The statute-book will tell us.

Solemn men gather about the door of the Dewberry Arms. There is not a smile upon the face of one of them. The parlour of the inn is arranged with scrupulous neatness; there is not a footprint upon its sanded floor. Presently, one or two country gentlemen arrive, call for a little brandy, and wonder how long they are likely to be detained.

"Rather a serious case, sir, I am told," said one gentleman, addressing a young man near him. "Yes, so I hear. It's hauged inconvenient for me—I was going to the Snobblebury Meet this morning."

"Ho!—here's the Coroner!" the first speaker interrupted. The official in question jumped from his gig, and went direct to the parlour. Having gone through the usual preliminary formalities, he suggested that "the gentlemen of the jury" should at once proceed to view the bodies.

"It's not far off, I hear," the official continued. "I'll ask where Mrs. Marsden's cottage is?"

Having received the necessary direction, the gentlemen, headed by the County Coroner, walked slowly down the High Street of Dewberry. There was a solemnity in the perfect stillness that reigned throughout the village. Every shutter was closed—every matron paused from her daily labours.

Dame Marsden's cottage, however, was the spot to which the grieving villagers plodded their way, to offer, in blunt and uncouth language, their sense of the loss which the poor old woman had sustained. In the village school-room lay the bodies of Mary Marsden and her child. There, in the scene of her daily labours—where she had endeavoured, to the best of her ability, to strengthen the moral sense of her neighbours' children—lay the tragic end of her own weakness. How those eyes are sunk! how the cheek is blanched and wrinkled! how the hand has faded to a trellis-work of bone and muscle! The child, with its pulpy lips, its dimpled arms, its cherub smile—type of its mother's youth—lies at the maternal side; defrauded—and by whom!—of its life, at the threshold of its existence.

With this hapless wreck the law proceeds to deal. Let us stand back, and learn the sentence to be pronounced upon Mary Marsden and her child. The Coroner, followed by the gentlemen of the jury, enter the village school-room, inquire whether there are any marks about the persons of either of the deceased; exclaim, "Poor things!" and retire to the village inn. From the jury-room the following report goes forth to the world:—

"CORONER'S INQUEST.—Mr. —, Coroner for the County, assembled a highly respectable jury at the Dewberry Arms, Dewberry, to inquire into the circumstances of the death of Mary Marsden and her child, who were found drowned in the river, on the — instant. It appeared from the evidence of the young woman's mother, that her daughter had formed an attachment for a gentleman of fortune, who visited Dewberry last shooting season. Suddenly the young woman, who had previously borne an irreproachable character, disappeared from her home. It appeared that the gentleman who accompanied her (Robert Hassell, Esq., in the service of the East India Company) told her that he considered her as his wife, and that the only reason for his delay in taking her to the altar was that he feared the anger of his mother, from whom he had large expectations. After the birth of a child, however, the gentleman suddenly disappeared, and wrote a letter to the young woman, informing her that he was on his way to India, to join his regiment, and his wife. The evidence of various witnesses went to show that the young woman was in the habit of walking out with Mr. Hassell, after dark; that when last seen she was calm, and, to all appearances, was in the enjoyment of her reasoning faculties. Under these circumstances, the jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of Wilful Murder of the child, and of Felo-de-se; and ordered the remains of the young woman to be interred at night, without the customary religious service."

How then stands the case between Mary Marsden, Robert Hassell, and the world? Robert Hassell is liable to be sued for damages "for loss of service"—he pays the money, and is acquitted of his sin towards society. He is still "an officer and a gentleman." Had he robbed Mary Marsden of a penny-piece he would have been sentenced to a practical lesson in rotatory motion at a certain Brixton school; but, inasmuch as he robbed her of all that makes life estimable and honourable, he was, so the law tells us, indiscreet only, and must open his purse to the parents of his victim. Yet how great have the odds been, throughout, against poor Mary Marsden! All his learning—all the refinement with which it is possible to mask treachery—all the holy powers entrusted to man to win over and elevate woman—were brought to bear upon a sensitive creature, whose purity and sensibility made her only an apt victim. She falls! How stands her account with the world now? The scorn with which she is levelled to the dust is known too well. Her child—innocent as it came from the hand of God—is branded. On all sides she sees only averted faces. She has a heavy load of shame to bear. She is polluted—set aside from the immaculate society that shrinks from the contamination of her touch.

The inheritance of her babe is infancy; she bears the penalty of her frailty with a courageous heart awhile. The baby has its father's features—features dear to the mother even now. How mighty is the vengeance, and how irrevocable! See, she sinks beneath the withering touch of her immaculate fellow-creatures. She lives in so pure an age that she must not now raise her eyes from the ground; she is made at length to loathe herself. Her brain becomes disoriented. Surely there is more lenient judgment for her in another world. This thought fastens itself on her soul: it pervades her being—it follows her in her sleep. It conquers at last!

Yet the vengeance of the world does not die out with her death. That burning love, that made even the maniac mother clasp her child to her heart, and take it with her, in her fear of the shame to which the world had doomed it, is "Wilful Murder,"—her mad destruction, infamous!

The torch-bearers gather about her mother's home. They bear her body slowly, silently to its grave. That religion, the spirit of which is charity, forgiveness, and love, is not for her. Not only was her life judged, and her earthly career degraded, but twelve men declare that she is too lost to be prayed for. A Christian jury prejudices her before her God. Let not a clergyman commend her spirit to her Maker, for twelve country gentlemen know that the intercession is useless. As the world has tracked her with the scent of a bloodhound, so shall vengeance follow her hereafter.

Turning from this true history, how soothing is it to welcome the outpouring of a heart truly human—to follow pensively this Christian lesson:—

"Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying devoutly,
Over her breast;
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her soul to her Saviour!"

And how shall it fare with Robert Hassell? He is on his way to India—to a career of glory, to be closed, in due time, by an officiating priest. Well, will there not be, after all, more reason for prayer over the grave of Robert Hassell, than over the body of poor Mary Marsden?

W. B. J.

A SCENE FROM LONDON LIFE.

THE wintry winds are blowing shrill, the rain-drops thickly fall, And night upon the busy town has drawn his dismal pall: Through warmly curtain'd windows shine the cheerful Christmas fire;
All within is joy and comfort—all without is cold and mire.

As an angel doing deeds of good, that fire sends forth its ray Into the cheerless stormy night, not to the tall-tale day;
For 'tis not in open sunshine, when Man stands by to see,
But in the silent darkness moves forth fair Charity.

And, see! below the window, list'ning the joy within,
With face so pale, so careworn, hovers the girl of sin!
Behind those haunting robes of hers are want, and grief, and care,
And beneath that hollow, hideous laugh, a terrible despair!

She hears the voice of childhood—she remembers former days,
When, in her quiet village home, she joined in songs of praise;
When her thoughts were good and happy, and free from sin and guile,
And all were wont to greet her with an ever-present smile.

But now, in gaud and gewgaw, grown hateful to her eye,
For the bright and varied colours give to her pale face the lie,
She cowers beneath that window, uncared for, and unknown;
In want, and shame, and misery, her life wears out alone!

Sisters! that beam of light and warmth shone on her upturned face,—
And for a moment chased away her sorrow and disgrace;
Pliant and penitent she stood beneath its kindly glare,
And a gleam of better, happier, times illumined her despair!

Sisters of lowly mercy, go forth with faith and love;
Remember what ye cannot do, is done by Him above!
There are precious moments—many—when a kind word timely given
May win a soul from wickedness,—may win a soul for Heaven!

Go to the fetid alleys, where God's name has never reached;
Where His words of truth and mercy are seldom—never—preached;
Where want and direst poverty have taken up their stand;
Where, in all its hideous features, dwells the darkness of the land;

Where, crowded thick in cellars, is a mass of human life;
Where each daughter is a mother, where no mother is a wife;
Where light of day is never seen; where fever has its birth;
Where Plague and Pestilence stalk forth to thin the crowded earth!

To these dwellings, sisters, hasten, armed with food, kind words,
and prayer;
Your kindly acts will banish sin, your gentle words despair;
Fewer then will pause to listen, fewer then will mourn the light
Streaming out from happy casements on some coming Christmas night!

GYPSEY EXPERIENCES.

BY A ROUMANY REI.



apprehension—burst out into a wild and incoherent gabble, half English, half Roumany, from which I could just make out that she was consigning me, and my work, and my poor little sinner to the most disagreeable places. Then stooping under the tent before I was aware, she clutched my sketch-book with one hand, and sent it spinning along the road, while with the other she seized poor Sini by the shoulder, and lugged her up, and, through the straw and wood-ashes in front of the tent, shaking her violently and cursing her—"I'll maw (kill) you, you chikli, Beng's chavri (dirty devil's daughter).—How dare you let a gorja chiv you adra his till (how dare you let a man put you in his book), to chore the rakt of your mui (to steal the blood from your face)!" All this was said with inconceivable rapidity and vehemence; and her assault had so astounded me, that, for an

instant, I could neither avenge my outraged sketch-book, nor go to the rescue of Sini, who offered no resistance to the cuffs and shakings of the redoubtable Athaliah. At last, however, gathering my scattered senses, and seizing the old lady by the shoulders, I whirled her round. "Hands off, you old fagot! By Jove! if you strike the girl again, I'll knock you down." She twisted in my hands, and foamed at the mouth, transferring her abuse from Sini to me.

"What's the matter, you old fool?"
"I won't have her drawn out—I told her I'd make her scrawl the earth before me, if ever she let herself be drawn out again."

"Why, what harm can there be?"
"I know there's a fiz (a charm) in it. There was my youngest, that the gorja drew out on Newmarket Heath, she never held her head up after, but wasted away, and died; and she's buried in March churchyard."

"Nonsense, you old idiot! Anyhow, I won't let you touch the girl while I'm here—so sit down quietly, and I'll draw you if you like."

She ground her teeth at me, but sat down, sulkily muttering, near the fireplace; while Sini, who did not appear much the worse for the *bourade*, gathered sticks, and prepared to make a blaze.

"Take a cigar, old lady," I said, after a minute or two, handing her my case.

She took one ungraciously, lighted it with a lucifer match, of which she produced a box from her pocket, and began to puff—Sini looking up from her work now and then, with a sly smile at me, and a sort of wink in the direction of her aunt.

Tobacco is a great sedative, and before the first cigar was half smoked, Athaliah and I were as good friends as if our introduction had been the pleasantest one in the world.

Athaliah Shaw was about the ugliest Roumany I ever saw—standing close on six feet high, with a face like a vicious horse, and hair as coarse as his tail. She wore a long, bright, tartan shawl, draped awry, an old black straw bonnet on her head, with a green and yellow handkerchief under it, a rusty black dress, and boots like a navigator's. Uncle Euri, who came lounging up a few hundred yards behind her, with a couple of terriers at his heels, was a thickset, sturdy fellow, of six-and-forty, brown as a hazel-nut, with small black eyes, a coloured handkerchief loosely twisted round his bronzed throat, a fur cap on his head, a long calf-skin sleeved waistcoat, loose drab breeches, and leggings half unbuttoned over his strong ankle-boots. He had looked on without interfering in the scuffle, and touched his hat civilly to me, as he sat down opposite to me on the other side of the fire-place.

"The women don't like it, sir," he said apologetically. "I don't care about it; you may draw me out as much as you like for a pint of beer and a pipe of tobacco;" and with this philosophic remark he applied himself to his cutty with perfect composure, and great lazy enjoyment.

Meanwhile, stirring Sini had gathered sticks, and turned the hooked fire-rod round, and slung upon it a big black kettle, which stood, ready filled, under the shade of the hedge. Aunt Athaliah, much appeased, but still grumbling inwardly, like a volcano in the intervals of eruption, was taking out, from a sort of huge wallet (formed by doubling her stout apron and securing the corners to her waistband), a most miscellaneous collection of town purchases—lucifer matches, a quarter of a pound of tea in a paper, two quatern loaves, a lump of salt butter, a paper of moist sugar, some tobacco, a bunch of candles, and other things, which all reposed comfortably side by side in that capacious receptacle. Uncle Euri, meanwhile, had leisurely, and without rising, gathered a few handfuls of straw and small sticks into a hollow wisp, into which he thrust a lighted lucifer, and rapidly putting it down, disposed larger sticks about it, so as, in a few minutes, to have a good, well-piled fagot crackling and blazing under the pot.

The old woman and he exchanged some words in Gypsy with Sini. "*Muk us pukhar the rei to holl a crumer of hauben*" (Let us ask the gentleman to eat a bit of victuals).

Sini interpreted the invitation, "Uncle says, my rei, 'will you eat with the poor Roumany?'"

"Won't I, Sini? I'm desperately hungry, Aunt Athaliah, and I was going to ask myself, if you hadn't invited me."

"Eh! why, you'll never com (like the *moulo mass* (dead meat) that the Roumanies eat, my rei," said Uncle Euri, in their whining sing-song, full of *cabinerie* and mock humility.

"I can eat anything," I answered.

"Can you eat *hotchikitchy* and *bourri-zimmins*?" asked Sini, laughing to her uncle over the potatoes she was peeling into a red earthenware dish.

"Talk English to the rei, Sini," said Uncle Euri.

"He wants to learn Roumany, uncle; look, he puts all the words you tell him down in his *tichene till* (little book) there—oh, so fast! and he learns them off directly."

"Ah!" said Euri, sentimentally; "I've knowed *reis* as did that afore. There was young C—k, Athaliah; him that *foed* to the *vellgouris* (went to the fairs) with us for three months, and *kerred* the *bosh* and the *tumbo* (played the fiddle and tambourine) like a *tatelo* (true) Roumany."

Athaliah shook her head. "He had *doster celas* in his *shurro* besides *juelas* (he had many things in his head besides lice). He *juined* the *mulo Beng's hoknapans* (he knew the devil's tricks)—he did. Yes, my rei, he could make himself as big or as little as he liked, and he could raise the *Beng*, he told us; and often when he was *kerred* the *bosh* with my rem, there, in the *kellapen* (when he was playing the fiddle with my husband at the dance) he would laugh till he almost fell off the table. It was awful to hear him! Eh, Euri?"

Euri nodded a reverential assent. It was clear that poor C—k had left an enviable reputation behind him, among his Roumany friends. He was mad—poor fellow—but full of humour. Who is there of his standing at Cambridge that does not remember "Athenasius Gasker," and his museum, and the library of useless knowledge? And among his other eccentricities, I now learned for the first time that he was an *aficomedo*, one of the Gypsy-stricken.

"But what are we to have for dinner?" I asked; for Sini had put on the kettle, which was already simmering, and which, as she removed the lid to stir it carefully, I saw was full of a sort of white soup, with something in it that looked like oysters. "Deneed odd!" I thought to myself; "oyster-soup here!"

"It's *bourri-zimmins*," said Sini, importantly; "but I won't tell you what that is till you've eaten it."

"And where's the *hotchikitchy* the *chukel* (dog) caught this morning?" asked Euri, getting up lazily.

"Adri the *vado* (in the cart)," said Sini.

"What the dence is a *hotchikitchy*?" I thought to myself, as Euri, arming himself with an old clothes-brush, worn to the stump, lounged to the cart. He came back, and in his hand I saw a young, fresh-killed hedgehog.

"So that's a *hotchikitchy*!"

"Owli," said Sini.

"And do you mean to say you eat hedgehog?"

"Eat it!" said Euri, with a stare of surprise. "There ain't no game as runs or flies can beat it—that is, afore the winter—they're 'reminish now—but a fat un's as rich as pig, and as delicate as pheasant."

While he spoke, he commenced his culinary operations. As there is no receipt in Soyer, Ude, or Carême, for cooking a hedgehog, I feel it a duty to be minute in my description of the process.

Euri began by throwing his hedgehog on the ground; then, pressing his foot on the back, the body yielded, and from a ball grew a straight little cylinder of bristles. Throwing this on the fire, which had now burnt down to a clear red *braie*, he snatched it off again at a certain point of singing—this point it is a very delicate matter to hit, mind—and applying his old clothes-brush to the smoking black stubble, speedily stripped poor piggy of the best part of his bristles, and ran a knife up the skin of the belly. Then taking a mass of stiff clay, which lay ready kneaded under the cart, he proceeded to invest the unseemly little body in a clay coffin, of about a quarter to half an inch thick, and depositing this in the heat of the fire, gathered the red ashes about and over it. I watched with undisguised admiration, till Sinfi laughed again, and let her soup boil over, in her amusement at my interest in Euri's proceedings—which brought upon her a sharp rebuke from Aunt Athaliah, whose temper was not improved, as I now found, by a touch of rheumatism.

Meanwhile, plates, dishes, and porringers had been rummaged out, with an odd knife and fork or two, sundry battered iron spoons, some salt and pepper in a paper, and an elderly teapot (which Aunt Athaliah seemed to have under her special charge), flanked by a most miscellaneous array of cups and saucers. Sinfi was busy seasoning her soup, which really smelt uncommonly nice, though I was not at all easy about the ingredients.

"There, my *rei*," she said triumphantly, as she poured me out a basinful, and put it before me with a hunch of bread. "Holt that, and you can tell the *gorjas* you have eat *bourri-zimmins* with the poor Roumany."

I was uncommonly hungry, and the soup smelt so appetizing, and Sinfi offered it me with so much grace, and such a triumphant twinkle of her black eyes, that I threw my misgivings overboard and fell to.

Bourri-zimmins, whatever it might be, was decidedly a hit, rather like *soupe à la reine*, with little lumps of something I took to be a mild kind of forcemeat—decidedly they were *not* oysters—swimming in it. Sinfi looked at me inquiringly.

I nodded, "Capital, Sinfi."

She clapped her hands with glee. "Ho! ho! *Dik, bibbe* (look aunt); *dik, cokko* (look, uncle)—*Dik at the rei hollin the bourri-zimmins*!"

What the deuce could *bourri-zimmins* be?

But Euri having also despatched his basinful, was now extracting his dirt-pie from the ashes. Holding it with a pair of smith's pincers, he broke the red-hot clay with a hammer, and neatly took off the crust, with bristles and skin embedded in it. In fact, the hedgehog was beautifully skinned, and baked to a turn, with all his gravy in. Then, with his knife, Euri opened the body along the chine, and with one sweep of the hand, brought out the entrails, in a lump, by the back slit, which mode is resorted to, as he told me, because the gall-bladder is less likely to be broken than when the "giblets" are taken out by the belly. And now *hotchivitchy* was ready for eating, and really looked so plump and nice as he lay on the dish, bathed in his own oozing juices, and sent up such a grateful odour, that I got over any qualms I might have had, and played a worthy knife and fork with my new friends.

I have often eaten hedgehog since—and have served it at my own table, when it has been tasted and praised by my guests in blessed ignorance, for it really is capital eating when in season—but I never enjoyed one so much as this my first. You want

to know what it is like! Imagine a blending of sucking-pig and grouse, the bland unctuousness of the one mingling with the piquant game-flavour of the other, and you may form some notion of the taste of *hotchivitchy*.

"And now, Sinfi," I said, after I had put down my knife and fork, "what is *bourri-zimmins*?"

"What do you think?" she said, swelling with the pleasant secret.

"I haven't a notion—but it's uncommonly good. Tell me what it is, there's a good girl. I'll give Hudson the receipt," I added to myself, "for the Trinity kitchen. Come, what is it, Sinfi?"

"Snail-soup!"

"Snail-soup!" and I jumped up. "Confound it! you don't mean to say I've been eating snails!"

Ugh! At that moment I could have boxed her ears, pretty as they were. I leave you to imagine my sensations. However, imagination apart, snails are very good eating, stewed in milk as Sinfi stewed them, with pepper, salt, and herbs. And though I don't mean to say I ever repeated the experiment, I have no doubt, if one could get over the fancy of the thing, snails would be as popular among us as oysters.

Dinner over, we sat and smoked, and I went on with my Roumany lesson. I don't think I quite enjoyed it as much with the old people as with Sinfi, and I am certain I didn't get on half so fast. However, they seemed pleased at the interest I took in their language; and Euri promised to pay me a visit at my rooms in college, and to give me a course of lessons, for the sum of half-a-crown per lesson.

Aunt Athaliah was an inveterate old *monger* (beggar); and it was only my solemn assurance that she would not get a penny by asking for it, that I managed to stop her infernal whining supplications for *backsheesh*. In fact, the old woman was a bore and



"LEL THE *tsnar ari*' SAID EURI TO HER. AT THIS ORDER SHE EXTINGUISHED THE EMBERS WITH WATER."—DRAWN BY F. W. TOPHAM.

but for Sinfi, I don't know that the acquaintance would have lasted beyond that day at the King's Hedges. However, it was not destined to close so soon—in fact it still subsists. I saw Sinfi only last summer near Margate, under rather curious circumstances, as I may hereafter have to tell.

I was not at all prepared for the interruption that brought my lesson to an abrupt close on that day.

I have mentioned the names of Florentia and Morella, Sinfi's cousins, who shared her tent.

After dinner, Euri and Athaliah fell into a talk, carried on almost entirely in Roumany; which I concluded, therefore, they did not wish me to understand.

I had no objection whatever to a *tête-à-tête* with Sinfi. I have not known many of the Roumany *chais* (Gypsy girls) who were agreeable companions in a two-handed talk. Either they are intolerably rapacious, asking for everything that pleases them, or grossly and tiresomely soft *saunderish*, or prudently please. Sinfi had none of these faults, but was really frank, innocent, and natural in her questions and answers, as limber and graceful as a lizard in her movement, piquant in the little touches of savagery that crossed her Oriental and lazy courtesy of manner. She was certainly not only the prettiest, but the most attractive young Gypsy I have ever known.

I can quite conceive the mad passion that such a creature may create in a man, and has created, in our own times too. We need not go back to Spain, and the days of Cervantes, to find a Preciosa. Not a few Oxford-men, of nine or ten years' standing, could tell a tale of frantic passion for a Gypsy girl entertained by two young men at one time, one of them with dual blood in his veins, who ultimately wooed and wedded his Gypsy love. So that it is in no way impossible (the heirs to the dukedom being all unmarried, and unlikely to marry) that the dual coronet of — may come to be worn by the son of a Gypsy mother.

Our *tête-à-tête* might have lasted an hour, and the sun was on the rim of the horizon, when Euri—who had walked more than once to the end of the green lane, and restlessly looked north and

south, and east and west, as if in expectation of an arrival—suddenly jumped up, and touching Athaliah's arm, directed her attention to two young women, whom I now saw coming rapidly towards us across the common which I had been traversing when the smoke of the camp attracted my attention.

"It's Florentia and Morella," said Sinfi to me.

As they came nearer, I saw by their flushed faces and rapid breathing that they had walked fast and far. They were lusty lasses, of about Sinfi's age, but coarser of feature and bigger limbed than she was; dressed, *au reste*, much in the same fashion.

They waved their hands as they came near, and called loudly some words in Roumany. All I could distinguish was, "*Bori Hokani*." When I asked Sinfi the meaning of these words, I observed Euri frown at her. She avoided answering. There was clearly some mystery that I was not to be initiated into.

The girls had now reached us. They did not address any words to me; but it was evident from the looks they threw in my direction, as they talked earnestly and apart with Euri and Athaliah, that my presence was unwelcome. I observed, too, that one of them hurriedly transferred to Euri a small but heavy packet, which that worthy consigned straightway to his pocket.

It needed all Sinfi's control of herself to keep her from leaving her seat near me at the fire, and joining her cousins. Seeing this, I was just about to take my leave, when Euri anticipated me.

Holding out his hand, he gave me the Roumany farewell, "*Cushgar bok* (good luck), my *rei*; we are going to strike the *runyeh* (tent-sticks). Clap the *sallivandras* (saddle) on the *grei* (horse), Florentia."

"What! going to-night?" I said to Sinfi. Euri answered for her.

"Yes, we shall be a good many *stretch* (miles) away before this time to-morrow."

"And my Roumany lessons?"

"Next time we come this way, sir; we take the King's Hedges on our bent; it's one of the best *consas* (camping corners) in the county. Now my *chais* (girls), had, had (lift, lift);" and while

he spoke, he had already stripped the blankets off the tent-sticks, while Aunt Athaliah was busy in stowing away pots, pans, and tea-things in the large covered baskets, flat on the inside, and curved on the outside, for slinging on the asses, whose foot-ropes Morella was untying, while her sister saddled the horse, and Sinfi packed the straw into a bundle for the bedding.

"*Lel the tsnar ari*" (take away the ashes), said Euri to her. At this order she extinguished the embers with water; then, collecting the ashes in her apron, she began strewing them thinly in the thickest part of the bushes and on the flat beyond, so that very soon, except the blackened circle on the sward, no trace of fire was visible. In the few minutes that I stood there, it was wonderful to see what a clear sweep of all vestiges of the camp had been made by the united efforts of the family.

I lingered still, in the hope of a farewell from Sinfi. I was not disappointed. After she had shaken the last of the grey ashes from her apron, she came to where I stood, and gave me her hand.

"*Cushgar bok*, my *rei*. Wherever you go, you won't forget Sinfi?"

"And you won't forget me, Sinfi?"

"No! I shall always think of you when I wear your *diklo*."

"But why are you off in such a hurry?"

She shook her head.

"Where shall I find you to-morrow?"

"*Ko jin*?" (who knows?) she said, with a shade of gravity upon her face; "but we shall see each other again, my *rei*; and mind, the next time, you must know how to *rokker* (speak) Roumany like uncle Euri yonder."

A whistle from the camp recalled her. I saw the horse was in the cart, the panniers and tent-sticks packed upon the asses.

"Good-bye, Sinfi." I still held her hand.

"*Cushgar, divus* (good day), my *rei*." With these words she drew her fingers sharply through mine, and ran like a deer towards the camp. When I looked again the little caravan was in motion.

THE ORDER OF THE BEE:

WITH SOMETHING OF ORDERS IN GENERAL.

It is allowed on all hands that we want a Civil Order of Merit—something altogether distinct from the Red and Black Eagles, and Swords and Saints; the last, by the way, of various reputations. An Order of Civil Merit! We therefore propose for the courteous consideration of Her Majesty, The Order of the Bee.

Orders have been called the cheap defence of nations. There is, it seems, a wonderful power in a bit of ribbon; magic in the web of it. Abroad there are civil distinctions; in England we have no ornamental mark for pacific genius. We give a St. George or a St. Patrick to a Duke or a Lord-Lieutenant; but we have nothing for a Robert Stephenson; and a Joseph Paxton must go undecorated.

Heraldic enthusiasm points to Holy Writ as the original source of armorial bearings. Jacob is called the first herald. It was the patriarch who gave blazonry to the twelve tribes. Judah has a lion; Dan a serpent; Nephtali a hind; Benjamin a wolf; and "Joseph is a fruitful bough; even a fruitful bough by a well." This is averred; but Sir Thomas Browne has learned misgivings. "Now herein," he says, "although we allow a considerable measure of truth, yet whether, as they are usually described, these were the proper cognizances and coat-arms of the tribes; whether in this manner applied, and upon the grounds presumed, material doubts remain."

Any way, the significance of orders admitted and approved—wherefore should statesmen and men-of-arms alone be decorated? Why should a Lord Chamberlain take fellowship with St. George—a General carry off the Golden Fleece—and the poet, the sculptor, the musician, the engineer—the very men to whom an educated world, refined and educated by their means, appears more and more willing to acknowledge the debt—be wholly uncompensated! Let philosophy declare all decoration to be mere weakness; it is, nevertheless, a weakness universal as humanity. The New Zealand chief, with his curves and bars in tattoo, forces companionship with Gold or Silver Stick starred and gartered.

Civil Merit, it is declared, cries aloud for decoration of some sort; desires and demands to have something to itself—some sign or type of its usefulness; not clamouring for a lion, or an eagle, or any ferocious, carnivorous presence; but for something innocent, and wisely utilitarian. Can Civil Merit, then, have a better order than the Order of the Bee? Can there be a better time for its institution than the time 1851? Can we have a wiser, gentler foundress than our gracious Queen Bee, Queen Victoria? And the Bee boasts as high antiquity, and surely a nobler first use than either lion or eagle. For the Bee sang its song and made honey in Paradise, when as yet the lion had not fished his tooth in the lamb, or the eagle pounded upon the kid. What says the poet of the Bee? Is it not—

"—of ancestry
Mysteriously remote and high;
High as the imperial front of man;
The roseate bloom on woman's cheek;
The soaring eagle's curved back;
The white plumage of the floating swan;
Oiled as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane;
Fire-stricken by that mood of stern disdain
At which the desert trembles."

Moreover, we think we can make out a tolerably fair claim for the Bee, even when entertained with the relative merits of other animals, of things and sentiments that have hitherto found favour at the hands of heralds.

The "Order of the Garter" has St. George, a most worthy saint, to protect it; but whether the St. George dear to Englishmen was a martyr of Cappadocia, or whether a born Briton, which is received as the more agreeable belief, it matters not. St. George killed a dragon—a dragon in the real flesh and scales, say some; dragons metaphorical, namely abuses and injuries, say others. Any way, let the Garter still honour nobility; the modern noble being handsomely received as the champion of the weak and lowly, even as was the ancient dracoonide.

The "Order of St. Patrick" is also an excellent order, a very fitting reward for those patriotic nobles who, like the saint himself, do their best to drive the snakes and creeping things of faction out of the land, making it a place of fruitfulness and innocence. Let there still be St. Patrick for men like these, and may be the Chapter boast a legion of them!

The "Order of the Thistle" is full of significance. We who advocate the Bee can scarcely fail to praise such a type; for, like patience from sharp-pointed suffering, does not the Bee get honey from the Thistle? Therefore, for strong, valorous-hearted Scotch

ribbon. The "Order of Maria Theresa" was an order instituted by the Empress; and, certainly, with more meaning in it than was the "Order of St. Gerion," who is said to have suffered martyrdom about a thousand years ago, but whose order has since burnt out. The "Order of the Blood of Our Saviour" was instituted from the "fact" that three drops of holy blood were in the possession of the monks of St. Andrew, Mantua; an historic fact that we leave to the earnest elucidation of Dr. Newman. We hear nothing in our day of the "Order of Ladies, Slaves to Virtue;" nevertheless, Leonora, widow of the Emperor Ferdinand III., instituted the order, making herself Sovereign Lady Slave of Goodness. The order is, we fear, extinct; but then, might it not be revived? To be sure, the self-sacrificing spirit of our time inevitably makes slaves to virtue; the bondswomen wearing the order unseen in their bosoms, and not outside "pendent at the breast to a small chain of gold, or a plain, narrow black ribbon." A beautiful intention lives in the "Order of Neighbourly Love," it is an order that might hang at the button—if he had one of a Quaker! This order was instituted by the Empress Elizabeth, at Vienna, in 1708, an order for both sexes of noble families. The cross has a pretty motto—*Amor Proximi*. The "Order of Neighbourly Love!" How excellent if all the monarchs of the world would join the Chapter, making their ministers and generals knights, and em-

blazoning the golden cross and motto on their palace walls, and in their military flags! There was an "Order of the Swan," but this is nine thousand years ago. Nevertheless, it might be revived as a good poetic decoration.

DENMARK has a wise and noble order in the "Order of the Elephant." This order, above any other, approaches in significance and beauty our meditated Order of the Bee. Wisdom and power are admirably typified in the elephant; as industry, and cheerfulness, and instinct—marvellously touched to beautiful results—meet in the Bee. Assuredly the Elephant, with his castle on his back, is almost as noble a bearing as the Bee, with "honied thigh." Nevertheless, the Elephant may be made a minister of war; he may be harnessed to cannon, and carry a fighting host upon his back; hence, noble and sagacious as is Sultan Elephant, he must even yield—yes, bend his mighty joints—in homage to our little Labourer Bee.

FRANCE twinkles all over with stars and orders; some of them putting forth, as it appears to us, an unseemly familiarity with sacred things; hence, we eschew many of them. One only will we speak of: the "Order of the Holy Phial;" an order consisting of poor persons, *Barons de la Sainte Ampouille*; the said vessel being supposed, that is believed, to contain the Holy Oil celestially vouchsafed for the anointing of the Kings of France, when they reigned by Divine Right; a right a little sharply questioned, and at the present time—although the Count Chambord may think otherwise—in far abeyance. The "Order of the Brown Flower," instituted by Louis—known as St. Louis, in token of his humility—soon fell into disrepute; and is now a dead, withered thing; and his "Order of the Ship" is sunk unfathomably deep in the tide of time. There was an order, the "Order of the Porcupine;" the quills were few and weak; and the porcupine became defunct after the death of Louis XII.; a great pity, as Voltaire ought to have been the Grand Master symbolically, as he was really. Old travellers tell of lions shot through, exanimate, with porcupines' quills in their hearts; the quills of Voltaire made sore punctures in the vitals of Divine Right, and ampuille-anointed legitimacy. The "Order of the Dog and Cock" dates from the sixth century; an order that for awhile did honour to King Clovis; but dog and cock have long since been nought: the dog a "dumb dog;" and the cock off his perch.

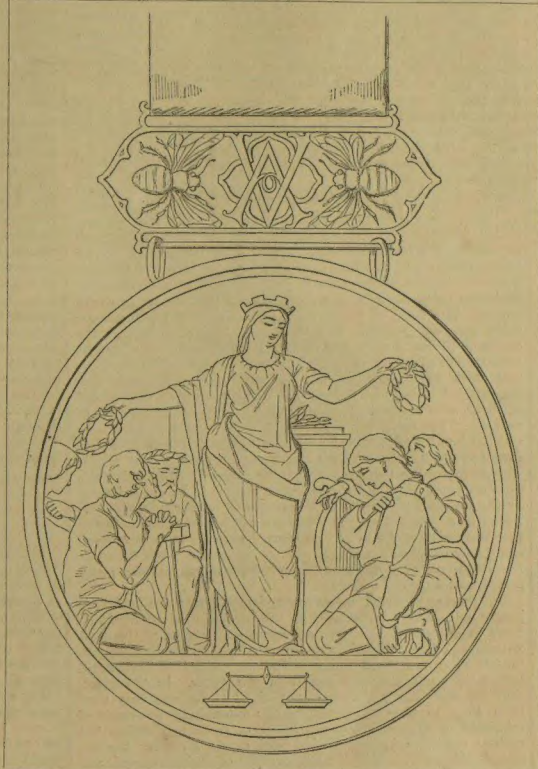
GERMANY has, among other odd insignia, the "Order of Death's Head." A most moral order! Women only are received into it; virtue and merit, not birth, being the only necessary qualifications. A beautiful order!—Gaming, theatrical amusements, and luxuries of all kinds (fine clothes, of course, included) are prohibited, and punished by a fine; which, on Good Fridays, is given to the poor. Does the order flourish at this time? We fear not. There was the "Order of Fools;" instituted in 1380 by the Duke of Cleves; a sincere, truth-telling order—as it would seem, too simple and veracious to hurt. It consisted of thirty-six knights—select fools in that day: who wore a badge, which "was the figure of a man habited like a fool, in a short waistcoat, a coat of red and yellow patchwork, with morrice-bells of gold, yellow-stockings, and black shoes, holding in his hand a bowl filled with fruit." A good type, the fruit, of the worth and sweetness of a wise folly.

HOLLAND does not shine in orders; it has the "Order of St. James in Holland;" a poor, unknown order. It might have had, ay, and have, the "Order of the Stork;" otherwise gratefully remembered and kindly protected by the dam-making Dutch.

NAPLES has, of course, the "Order of St. Januarius;" an order that ought to liquify and run upon the Saint's day, to keep in countenance the saintship. The "Order of the Ermine"—a beautiful device!—lasted but a short while. "The collar was of gold, intermixed with mud, to which hung an ermine, with this motto, *Mala mori, quam fedari*; I had rather die than be polluted." And, somehow, the Ermine had a short life of it in Naples.

PORTUGAL had the "Order of the Wing of St. Michael," in gratitude to the saint, who appeared fighting on the right wing of Alfonso, in 1172, in his battle with the Moors; the wing, however, soon moulted every feather.

We might still run through a hundred orders, yet should we despair to find any order more significant of its purpose than our suggested ORDER OF THE BEE, as an order of Civil Merit. There might, too, be various degrees of decorations: the BEE in diamonds, the BEE in topazes, the BEE in amber, the BEE in gold, the BEE in silver, the BEE in iron; all the Bees making only one glorious swarm, with our good Queen Bee—Queen Victoria, the Regina Regnant of the Hive. D. J.



THE BURDEN OF MAN'S EXISTENCE; OR, LADIES' LUGGAGE.

BY A BACHELOR OF FIFTEEN STONE.

A LOVER of my species, and especially of the fairer portion of it, I am, nevertheless, single. In youth I was too poor for matrimony; in middle-age I am too fat. I might marry some woman

of my size, perhaps, and we should make a pretty pair of turtles—of the kind that do not coo. I had rather not. Youth and beauty for my money; but youth and beauty with what money will not buy—affection. Love towards a man of my bulk, is impossible. I can exert no attraction but that of gravitation. The best I could expect, as a suitor, would be to inspire sincere esteem—accompanied by compassionate ridicule. Ugly, ludicrous men—whatever may be their intellectual or moral recommendations—should remain bachelors. Socrates married—his wife was Xantippe. Gentlemen of my years and circumference had better rest content with celibacy; accept the situation, as the phrase now is.

I feel my exclusion from domestic happiness. It seems hard to be denied the blessings of a home and a pleasant wife. The soul is not deprived of its aspirations by imprisonment in a mountain of flesh. Oppressed with adipose substance, the heart may, nevertheless, throb with the fondest emotion. Yet I can behold a happy pair with feelings untinctured by malicious

envy. Such a spectacle I contemplate, not as Milton represents the lost Archangel, surveying the endearments of the first married couple. No, I look upon it rather like the Peri gazing at the gate

of Paradise—little as I may appear to resemble a Peri. The sight is a pleasure to me, though a mournful one. And I must say that I do not have that pleasure too often. In this world of annoyances and irritations there are many interferences with domestic bliss. Doctors' bills, wet-nurses, and all that unpleasant sort of thing; whooping-cough, measles, vaccination, teething, schooling-expenses, and the plague of servants, are evils more or less inevitable in married life. But there are some that might be avoided. I wish I could prevent them. It is true that the troubles of wedlock help to reconcile me to my lot. Doomed as I am to an existence of buttonless wristbands and blighted affections; condemned to smooth my own pillow, shake up my own physio, make my own tea, whisper words of encouragement under misfortune (as well as I am able) in my own ear, and have my joys and my sorrows all to myself, I derive comfort from the reflection that—to invert the saying of Dr. Johnson—if celibacy has few pleasures, matrimony has many pains. Yet I would do anything in my power to diminish these pains. I might do something to that end if married folks would take my advice. If husbands would only be more careful in their conduct, they



"SUCH IS A TOO FAITHFUL AND FAMILIAR PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN AS SHE APPEARS IN THE WAITING-ROOM."

would remove many, very many, of the sources of conjugal unhappiness. I must, however, say, that observation has convinced me that there certainly are some drawbacks on matrimonial felicity, for which the ladies are responsible—if I may use so strong an expression.

The disinterestedness and self-devotion of the female sex are indubitable; as much so as the fidelity and sagacity of the canine species. No object in the world is so interesting and amiable as woman at the couch of sickness, at the cradle of infancy, or imparting material sustenance to the babe at her bosom, or the first elements of mental nourishment to the child at her knee. Delightful, charming, captivating to behold, is woman gyrating in the mazy dance, or running over the ivory keys—at the piano, or in the polka. Dignified is her attitude in discharging the duties of life, elegant her aspect in contributing to its pleasures. But it cannot be denied that there are some few scenes and situations in which woman does not show to equal advantage; wherein she appears neither as useful nor as ornamental. For example, she does not present a pleasing picture at a railway station, seated by a mountain of trunks, portmanteaus, bandboxes, hampers, baskets, parcels, bundles, and sundries, generally inclusive of an umbrella and a pair of clogs; perhaps, also, of a birdcage and a barrel of oysters, together with a camp-stool and a jar of pickles; wherein too may probably be added a set of fire-irons and a goose.

Such is a too faithful and familiar portrait of a woman as she appears in the waiting-room—the time up, the passengers impatient, and the guard rushing in frantically, to hurry her to the train just starting.

Woman was formed to be the companion of man, his travelling companion, as well as his ordinary associate. Indeed, he cannot have a more pleasant one on a journey, personally considered. What a pity, then, it is that she will, in most cases, so perseveringly endeavour to frustrate the design of Nature by rendering her companionship as his fellow-traveller an infliction and a bore, in entailing on him the plague of that warehouseful of luggage and furniture which she must needs drag about after her wherever she goes! Her smiles, her lively prattle, her beaming looks, are calculated to enliven the journey; but their influence is lost on the unfortunate man who is thinking on the bonnet-box or chest of drawers which he fears has been left behind at the terminus.

The care of bales and packages, the solicitude for cargoes of goods and chattels, unnecessarily and inconsiderately imposed upon a husband, is most trying to his temper; and the repetition of this annoyance gradually spoils it, and renders him at last, perhaps, the brute that he is too frequently, and truly, called. The soul of man tends constantly to soar. It is maddening to be arrested in our lark-like ascent by the check-string of some mean anxiety: to be dragged down to earth, as it were, by the cord of a clothes-box. Yet, thus worried and fretted, the male partner in the travelling firm is frequently, in addition to his mental burdens, saddled with a work-basket, or a knitting-frame, or a baby, and expected to smuggle a cur under his over-coat into the bargain.

Great, doubtless, is the pleasure of a wife's society on an excursion. Ladies, perhaps, do not know how highly it is prized. They would understand this if they knew what the gratification costs. It costs generally an extra charge for over-weight of luggage. It costs a double fare to every cabman or fly-driver employed in the course of the journey, besides the endurance of insolence, in the greater number of instances. It continually causes loss of time, through arriving too late for coach or train. It involves perpetual wrangles, disputes, and altercations with guards and porters. It often necessitates, at every fresh station, the trouble of getting out of the carriage, at the risk of being left behind, to see that this or that chest, or package, stowed away apart, is not carried off by some branch train. Owing to the neglect of this precaution, it occasions the delay of hours, or days, at stations or hotels, for the recovery of the missing article, or, more probably, for the assurance that it has been lost. And all this misery she, who would not injure a worm, inflicts on the man who loves her, but whose love—alas!—is soon lost in his vexation and annoyance. Of course she does not know the pain she gives. She throws her luggage on her husband as a child puts his foot on a beetle. She hears not—I hope, at least, she never hears—the execrations of the sufferer, who is agonising under that *peine forte et dure*; for when a man wishes a nuisance at the deuce, his wish, at the moment, cannot but, to a certain extent, relate to the cause of it.

Marriage is often embittered from its very outset by this plague of luggage. The beginning of discord dates from the termination of the wedding-breakfast. I was present at my friend Bradshaw's. I saw the "happy pair" start for the seaside. The vehicle which Bradshaw had provided would not contain the pile of moveables which the bride had heaped together to take with her. A small cart had to be loaded for the purpose; and Bradshaw drove off, with the cart following him, amidst the hurrahs of the multitude. I know the Bradshaws quarrelled in their honeymoon; and, I believe, in the first quarter of it.

Could no appurtenance be invented for the female traveller analogous to the carpet-bag? Can a lady make no arrangement for manning, on a journey, or a visit, to do with less than an entire wardrobe? Is there no such thing possible as compact storage in the case of female vestiture? Must there necessarily be a locker for each gown, as many chests as caps; and a band-box for every individual bonnet? Might not a folding bonnet be devised? Was there no such thing in the Great Exhibition? It would be a real blessing to husbands.

I would strongly impress it on the female reader, that baggage, in the battle of life, is as great a hindrance as it is in real warfare. The old Romans actually called it *impedimenta*, encumbrances; the very word now used to denote a wife and family, principally, no doubt, on account of the lading with which a married man is supposed liable to be hampered. It is said that there once existed a race of female warriors, the Amazons; this is a fable; the baggage of the troops would have made any military operations impossible.

I sometimes think ladies may labour under a mistaken notion, that, because mankind delights in attending upon them with all reasonable service, therefore, the more labour they occasion, the greater pleasure they confer. This would be an amiable motive for their overloading porters, carriages, and their own helms. It would, however, be a very mistaken one; and the sooner it is abandoned the better. They should also be undeceived of the idea that, because men, to a certain extent, like waiting upon them, men like to be kept waiting for them so long as to miss the overture, or the omnibus.

On the heart, which is the abode of maternal love, of sensibility, compassion, delicacy, and so many other fine feelings, I wish I could imprint one maxim—"Punctuality is the soul of business." To that heart I appeal—not for myself—for my fellow-men. I would tell it, that punctuality and encumbrance are incompatible. And, oh! I would exclaim, ye who do so much to lighten the cares of man's existence—cease, cease to augment their weight by an intolerable burden of luggage!

ART IN THE BYEWAYS.

PROCEEDING ON OUR way, we halt before another rude art pursued in the by-ways of London and provincial towns—that of profile-cutting. With a pair of scissors, some black and white paper, and a little bronze, the expert artist starts on his tour. He praises children, and assures their mother that they will "take" beautifully, and forthwith he draws out his sheet of black paper, and, by a series of dexterous turns, produces the fair outline of a child. To its costume, he usually adds a flowing sash, and other ornaments, and persuades the mother to have the lights touched in with bronze, for which process he makes an additional charge. The black outline is pasted upon a sheet of white paper, and the family portrait of the mechanic is ready to be framed. These rude outlines are to be seen in the homes of the working-classes—they are only so many instances of the wish to preserve likenesses of husbands, wives, and children—a wish that is founded on a noble human sentiment, and may, we hope, ere long, be more effectually fulfilled. The day may not be far distant when the camera-obscura will reflect the fine features of peasant mothers and children.

Art in the byways has yet other developments. Even in the toys offered to children we may make notes of an onward movement. Of late, the rude and ugly dolls of the orthodox nursery fashion have given place, in the streets at least, to little waxen images, artistically moulded, and clothed in white woollen garments. The wax, it is true, has a strong odour of tallow, and will hardly bear the pressure of a child's embrace; but then the toy bears some relation to the rules of art. And now we may notice the artist who paints upon the pavement; and, with a meek expression, sits beside his work to receive the pence of the crowd that gathers about it. Reviewed strictly as an object of art, how detestable is the performance! yet, regarded as a specimen of imitation achieved by a poor, uneducated creature, it is worth notice. The head of the Saviour is the subject the flag-stone artist generally selects. The attitude is that of suffering; the crown of thorns is upon the Saviour's brow; and rays of bright colour serve as a background. The head is enclosed in an elaborate chalk frame, and beneath, the curious may generally find drawings of loaves and fishes. All this is accurately drawn, and coloured with a certain feeling; but the task is one literally of memory. The artist has been taught every stroke of his pencil, and in his work of to-day you may see a perfect fac-simile of that drawn yesterday. A moment's glance at the group of poor people who surround his performance, has its lesson. This rude daub of chalk upon our London pavement, that is to be washed away by the lowering clouds, is to the eyes of the poor folk who surround it, a grateful sight. They are not hypercritical as to the tone and finish of the work; no learned remarks as to fore-shortening may be heard among the group of spectators; but the sight has its wholesome attraction, nevertheless, and softens many coarse hearts for the moment.

But now, as we dwell upon these rude street-arts, the patterer's hoarse voice calls our attention to the specimens of street art he holds in his hand. Here we find repulsive portraits of the most notorious criminals—all with so wonderful a family likeness, that it is necessary to refer to the accompanying letterpress before we can distinguish one from the other. In the collection we find exaggerated accounts of all the crimes that have from time to time engrossed public attention; drawings of criminals in various costumes; series of pictures showing the various repulsive incidents of a hard master's career; the immortal ride of Dick Turpin; the exploits of Jack Sheppard, and other equally instructive subjects. The policy of allowing men to hawk these atrocious pictures in the public street is at least questionable, when the bell of the muffin-boy is muffled as a public nuisance; and when we reflect that these drawings sell their hundreds of thousands, the extent of their influence may be faintly appreciated. How far these terrible pictures of criminal heroism counteract the good effects of the rude art of the umbrella, and the Italian's board, is a nice point, but one, unhappily, that it is impossible, with our imperfect knowledge of the lower grades of the working-classes, to determine. Therefore it is to be combated by surrounding the great bulk of the people with objects that educate and refine the eye. Etruscan grace may be as cheaply offered to the mechanic as the shapeless, glaring household objects with which he is now furnished. He may as cheaply deposit his bunch of flowers in a fac-simile of the Portland vase as in an old pitcher; and the graceful hop-plant may as well encircle his jug of foaming ale, as the barbarous willow-pattern.

This reference to the willow-pattern recalls to mind the great onward step it represents; and it is reasonable to hope that we are approaching the time when another step will be made throughout the country, that will reduce this graceless old design to a curiosity for museums, where it will remain, side by side, with the clumsy earthenware of our ancestors, a record of the art which decorated the crockery of the great mass of Englishmen throughout the first half of the nineteenth century. As yet, street-art, as displayed in the hawker's basket of china and spar ornaments, cannot be said to be in an encouraging condition. The large trade that was carried on some fifteen years ago, in carved stone-fruit from Derbyshire, has dwindled away; but many people can call to mind the very roses, the wonderful peaches, the plums with ultramarine bloom upon them, and the pears of the most melting appearance, that were carried about the streets, and which probably had to answer for many broken teeth. Even now, raffles for splendid ornaments, in the shape of china cottages, with removable roofs, for mustard-pots, and other designs equally felicitous, are carried on in the poorer neighbourhoods of London.

All who are experienced in the art which is popular in the by-ways, seem to arrive at the conclusion that glaring colours, and humorous or grotesque design, are its most popular features, and those which hawkers strive to obtain. This experience enforces a principle that has long been received by observers, namely, that colour attracts the eye sooner than form. Hence, in truth, the processes which Catholic missionaries have achieved over their Protestant rivals. The Protestant, sober in his religious observances, clothed in black and white, cannot make that first impression upon the savage which the Catholic, with his scarlet and gold, at once produces. In the same way, the classes in this country who have enjoyed no degree of art-education, see, comparatively speaking, with the eyes of barbarians. They have to be taught the very alphabet of that art, of which Turner is, perhaps, the highest representative; for they must be able to estimate the difficulties that beset the artist's path, and to sympathise fully with him in his conception, before they can approach his work with the respect and that power of appreciation which he should be able to command. That they are advancing towards this knowledge, their present purchases assure us; and this assurance may well encourage the hope that art will shortly go far to humanise and refine, where force has failed to do so. We may turn to the Italian image-boy with his load of plaster, and follow the fine verse that Wordsworth addressed to him:—

"Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!
Whether for London bound—to trill
Thy mountain notes with simple skill

Or on thy head to poise a show
Of images in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white steed,
Or bird that soared with Ganymede;
Or through our handlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakespeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think, and mind were might,
For him who bore the world.

These humble dealers in the best specimens of high art, that have yet been brought within the reach of the bulk of the people, have hardly received that recognition which their services have merited. Their object, undoubtedly, is gain. It would be ridiculous to declare that when an Italian sells a plump Cupid to a servant girl, his soul is filled with the great idea that he is disseminating an appreciation of the beautiful—that he is doing service to the human race; it would, on the contrary, be nearer the truth, observing generally, to tax him with an object purely selfish; yet has he a claim to our regard. This claim consists in the indubitable fact that he and his companions have brought their comprehensions of art to their aid, in order to gain a livelihood—that they have had the sagacity to know, for many years past, the precise state of the public taste—that they have known when to sweep offensive and poor images from their board, and replace them with forms upon which the verdict of ages has been pronounced. This claim is clear and strong; and we hope that it will strengthen daily, till the homes of the humblest cottagers are graced by the touches of the greatest sculptors, and the pencillings of the greatest masters. This is neither a wild nor a poor hope, seeing that the presence of beauty is potent for good. When galleries of art exist in every home, and libraries for the people fill up corners in the sitting-room of every working-man's cottage, many ideas of a widely-diffused social happiness, which now provoke popular sneers as Utopian and unwarrantable, may be realised. Those who pause on the rapid current of events, to look back upon the dark times that lie, like heavy backgrounds, behind them, see a marvellous contrast. They survey from a fairy land, a dull, tearful world of sorrow and of wrong; they mark occasional sparkles of gold, and yards of velvet, but generally squalor underneath—the haughty few and the crushed and groaning many. And now, looking again in their own neighbourhood, the scene is bright; while a head, a haze dims the sight, but they fancy that a light of unknown brilliancy glimmers through. Falling fetters clink as they touch the ground, while a ministry of noble men arrange the workman's library, and the artist is busy in his home.

THE AGREEABLE RATTLE.

I SUPPOSE that everyone who possesses that annular form of society called "a circle of acquaintance," can number in its radii at least one of those social bors whom young ladies are pleased to denominate "agreeable Rattles." A more offensive production of civilised life I can scarcely imagine; and, I protest,—oh! hear this, ye young ladies,—that before I would tamely allow myself to be called by such a contemptible name (even by you, Miss Nelly) I would forswear the charms of female society, and turn misogynist at once.

For whatever is there, my dear young ladies, in this Rattle of yours, that is so very agreeable? Is his conversation intellectual, or even witty? Can you ever remember anything that he ever said to you that was worth treasuring up, either in your heart or head? Could you ever understand all that he spoke of, or follow him, with any clearness of apprehension, in the *discrepant* *membra* of his talk? What is there, then, in him, in the name of Wonder, that makes him so "agreeable?" Perhaps he is like a certain reptile with an attractive exterior, and has only to set up his rattle, when, lo and behold! the little dove is at once fascinated, and, after a slight fluttering and indecision, falls a victim before the open jaws of her allure.

Now, look at Chatterton, for instance. We all know how he was obliged to get his exercises done for him at school, and how at College he could never master sufficient Greek to get him through his degree, but was twice plucked for his Little-go; and yet, if I have heard that man called an agreeable Rattle once, I have heard him send few hundred times. The odious name has been branded upon him, and the poor fellow not only rejoices in it, but positively gets his living from it. No matter what kind of party or entertainment is being got up, some female member of the family is sure to add Chatterton's name to the list, for no other earthly reason than that he is "such an agreeable Rattle!" The consequence is, he is to be met with everywhere. I met him twice last week at the Grantham Jones's, and Timmins's; and ten to one if he doesn't turn up, next Friday, at the Portman's. If so, I only hope we may sit at opposite ends of the table; for he takes away my appetite, quite as much as those mild specimens of humanity, Coo and his bride, did last week at the Timmins's, when (between mouthfuls) they were so demonstrative in their honeymoon affection. Like all agreeable Rattles, Chatterton's conversation is feeble in the extreme, and flows on in a continuous common-place ripple. Like those wonderful couriers who can speak all languages "indifferently ill," he can talk on all subjects with unfeeling incorrectness. No matter is either too great or too small for him: all is fish that comes to his net; and both whales and minnows receives equal attention. He is Demosthenes on the sea-shore, and no roaring of the waves can put down his lesser oratory. Not very long since, at the Brooks-bank's, I had an opportunity of listening to a sample of it. As usual, it had fallen to his lot to take down to dinner one of the nicest girls in the room; for mamma, I have noticed, are favourably disposed to the agreeable Rattles, and invariably send them down stairs with the most agreeable girls—and this, by the way, is all that is worth gaining from the character—so Laura Templeton fell to Chatterton, whilst I, with far deeper and more sensible attraction—however, never mind—I followed in their rear, with old Lady Barbones, relict of Sir John Gaunt Barbones, Bart., of Sparriban Castle, Rentfrewshire.

To relieve my martyrdom as much as possible, I contrived to get the next seat to Laura, and, as old Lady Barbones entirely resigns herself when at table to gastronomic feats of dexterity, that (especially with soup) admit of but little desire for conversation—and as, moreover, her parts of speech are ambiguous, and delivered in a dialect which I do not profess to understand—I consoled myself with the idea that the pleasant chat of my fair right-hand neighbour would far more than compensate for the disagreeables of my left. But we are born to trouble and vexation of spirit. Chatterton had got possession of Laura, and had started his agreeable Rattle, and in its unceasing whirling jargon, not one note of my penny-trumpet could be heard.

"Been to the Crystal Palace to-day?" (What a windfall the Great Exhibition was to the agreeable Rattle!) "Though, of course, not shilling days; no ladies there, and this the last week. Your glass, I think; ah, if we could but use the same! I got in by accident one day last week,—nothing but shopkeepers' wives,—half drunk brandy, and the other half eat cheese; the odour was so distressingly offensive, that, 'pon my honour, I was quite overcome,—salt, I think you said,—and sank down quite limp in a refreshment room. Clever *rues*, having pretty girls for the ices.—How hot this soup is!—There was a fat old lady from

the country,—great fun, I assure you,—evidently her first ice, and it didn't come naturally. Ices are aristocratic, ain't they? They don't suit the *oi polloi*. Beg your pardon for quoting Greek,—bad college habit; one gets all sorts of bad habits there. Capital patties these,—do change your mind. Talking of habits, your new one is worthy of Diana herself, if she ever had one. I suppose she had, because we read of her train, you know, and it couldn't have been a train like those at the Costume Ball. I saw you in the Row yesterday; new mare, wasn't it? Good action and a nice tail—does she ride easy? See old Guttleburr's face when he caught sight of the venison! Who was your cavalier? Ah! cousins are very convenient. Did you read in this morning's *Times* about the Queen at Liverpool?—all the corporation were soaked—fancy a damp alderman; unpleasant for her Majesty, I should think. With pleasure,—that wretch of a Guttleburr's just made me take wine with him; he only does it to get more champagne. Let us have some together, on the sly, and nod to the *eperegne*. That's it. I saw Mrs. Lynx putting up her glass at you,—her three girls are horrid ugly, and she always gets savage in company when pretty girls are there,—she's jealous of you now. Blamange to this lady. Here, let me help you. I give you that flower into the bargain,—I hope it's a good emblem. What is it? Oh, come, you can't make me believe you don't know,—every girl learns the language of flowers at school. Do you ever make wax-flowers? Look at Mrs. Turban Smith's head-dress. Odd, ain't it? Wonder how she fixes it on. See the girl sitting two off her, with her back hair brought round in front; I should have thought she'd had enough of that style of coiffure. Why? Oh, didn't you hear of her being at the Scooper's, when the man with the calves-foot jelly turned the contents of the dish over the top of her head? Of course, as her hair was twisted round in front, it made an embankment for the jelly, and there it fixed itself into a mould, and was taken off in a piece. Fact, I assure you. De Witts was there, and he said she ought to be prosecuted for coining,—crown-piece, you know—see the joke?"

And with this light and frivolous nonsense he bored Laura's ears during the whole of dinner-time; whilst I, who had prepared sensible remarks on the moral and social benefits that would result from the intercommunion of nations in the Great Exhibition, could not edge in a word, and was obliged to address the elaborate sentiments to old Lady Barebones, who only took a Scotch view of the subject, and replied, "Eh, mon, ye say weel, and it's a' the siller that'll gang int' our pockets."

The agreeable Rattle goes on just in the same way at balls and evening parties, and, indeed, anywhere else, in society's busy wheel-of-fortune, where he has a chance of "putting in his spoke." He is never very particular; anything furnishes him with a key-note on which to spring his Rattle. His partner's bouquet, her handkerchief, her *vis-à-vis*, the music, the opera, the season,—all are passed over in rapid succession, and their merits or peculiarities discussed and decided in a single sentence. Like a busy bee, he roams from flower to flower of speech, but, unlike that migratory insect, fails to extract the sweetest part of the subject on which he touches. But a honeycomb and a coxcomb are two widely different things; and the "agreeable Rattle" is too much of the latter ever to be half so useful or agreeable as the former.

When we met him, my friends, let us contemplate him with emotion, and bestow upon him the pity he deserves.

DOTTINGS ON THE DANUBE.

[I HAD the honour of being entrusted, last autumn, with a commission to obtain, in Russia, and on the Eastern coasts of the Mediterranean, certain information for one of the leading London newspapers. My route lay to Vienna, and thence, by the Danube, to the Black Sea. It is possible that, at this period, when the visit of M. Kossuth to England has revived much of the interest which the Magyar struggle caused to be taken in Hungary and its inhabitants, a few extracts from the diary of a hasty traveller may not be unacceptable.—S.B.]

I HAD not intended to make any stay in Vienna, for the season was getting advanced, and I had a long journey before me. But the steamer from Vienna to Galatz ran but once a fortnight, and had departed a couple of days before I arrived in the Austrian capital. However, no one can be at a loss for occupation or amusement in that picturesque and cheerful city. I took up my quarters at the *Goldenes Lamm*, in the Leopoldstadt, and have seldom found time hang less heavy on my hands. After a long day's sight-seeing, conducted in that hard-working, persevering style adopted by English travellers, and neither exactly understood nor violently admired by most foreigners, there are many less pleasant places than the front of a Viennese coffee-house to rest in. Seated at your little table, in the open air, with coffee, ice, or what you will, brought you at the slightest gesture to the sedulous and watchful attendants; with your *mezechaum*, or cigar, or *chibouque*, if you please—for there is too various and constant an influx of foreigners for anybody to stare at anything you may do; the darkening fortifications of the city before you, the brightening lights of the *cafés* behind you, and around you a miscellaneous group of officers in white uniform; full-dressed theatre-goers, taking their coffee *en route*; among them, perhaps, a few ladies; shabby artists, with terrible beards; sallow Jews, with keen eyes, watching everything; a calm Oriental, with a courteous gesture if you approach him, but apparently watching nothing; two or three full-blown, sunburnt English travellers, shouting out their half-dozen words of German with bold, insular intonation, and obviously conceiving that they are paying rather a graceful compliment to Austria by calling the waiter *Kellner*; a straggling Italian boy or two, with plaster medallions for sale; a batch of students, with belted blouses; and two or three mendicants, winding in and out among tables,—intruders whom an English waiter actually steps aside;—with this group, and a constant background of figures passing and repassing in the moonlight, you can amuse your eye very satisfactorily, while you rest your legs after your long walk to, and over, and round the lovely Leopoldsdorf, or its neighbour, the Kahlenberg. And, if you like to talk, the only difficulty in the way of that is your probable ignorance of the language of your neighbour; but you may be quite sure that, if you address him, he will not *edge* away, as much as to say, "This fellow is going to try some chest upon me."

General Haynau happened to be crossing from England in the same boat with myself, and I saw him three or four times during the earlier part of the railway journey. At Hanover, he breakfasted at a table near mine. The miraculous blanched moustaches, hanging upon his shoulders, would have been unmistakable labels, even if he had not been pointed out to me by a companion. There did not appear to be anything else remarkable in his appearance; he seemed a lean, wiry, active man, then slightly lame. His keen, light eye was very restless, and he evinced much discontent at the careless way the breakfast was served. I did not see him after leaving Hanover, but his conduct, and the affair of the draymen at Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, were subjects on which I had, afterwards, to hold a good many conferences, both with Austrians and Hungarians. The "draymen's

demonstration" caused a great sensation among both. I am bound to say, however, that though, during my stay at Vienna, the affair was much discussed, and especially by military men, I experienced none of the annoyance to which it was said Englishmen had been subjected in consequence. Not a day passed, during my stay in Vienna, during which I had not a long chat with some knot or other of Austrian officers, to whom I had no other introduction than that of chance-meeting. The topic was usually brought up very soon, but, energetically as it was treated,—as a dialogue at Presburg will show,—I never heard an expression used at which I could take umbrage. There were stories, at the time, of actual outrages being offered to some English residents in Vienna, by way of reprisals for the Haynau affair, but I was never the object or the witness of any discourtesy.

Somebody who certainly divided with General Haynau the attention of Vienna, while I was there, was a Scotch gentleman, whose slaughterous exploits among our lionine and elephantine fellow-creatures have gained him a crimson reputation. He appeared in the streets and in the *cafés*, in full and flaming Highland costume, which showed well upon his tall and masculine figure. I have said that the influx of strangers of all nations into Vienna seemed to have habituated the residents to novelty, but this stranger's case was an exception. The "tail" which attended him in his walks out was very flattering, and the excitement he caused was by no means confined to the humbler classes. I was much catechised in the dining-room as to his uniform, and whether it was military, and especially—this was an inquiry actually sent up to my room by some ladies—whether persons exposed them-



HAYNAU.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN DURING THE PRESENT YEAR.

selves in that fashion in the presence of the Queen of England. I felt bound, as a Briton, to violate my private feelings, and give a strong opinion in favour of the beauty and the decency of my fellow-countryman's garb, but I spoke as a patriot, not as one who tells the truth from his heart. Privately, too, I have always had a strong feeling against the encouragement of any provincialisms. I do not, for example, see the advantage of preserving useless languages, simply because they are old. If they embalm a literature, the case would be different, but when bishops are praised for preaching Welsh sermons, for instance, and thereby helping to perpetuate distinctions of race, I cannot sympathise in the approbation. But this is a piece of personal prejudice, and I kept down the feeling on which it was founded, when I sent word to the German ladies that the Highland dress was considered a most distinguished one, and had been declared by the Lord Castlereagh to have "many and peculiar advantages."

But I was desirous to get on with my journey, and so, instead of waiting for the steamer, I thought I could run a little way forward and be taken up. This may be considered a slightly Irish mode of progression, but one not indefensible; one is, at all events, doing something. So, as the steam-company's tickets are available on all their boats, I laid out fifty-four gulden in the purchase of a series of labels, which, in all, franked me to Galatz, but selections from which would land me at the intermediate towns, and the first place I reached was Presburg, which is but three hours' steaming from Vienna. The shores of the Danube are not interesting, thus far. Here and there a lofty rock, with a ruin, catches the eye, and the Castle of Theben, especially, which has a little melancholy love tradition attached to it, might attract a sketcher. But Presburg itself will repay a visit. Its historical associations are numerous, and its ruined palace, on the top of a lofty hill, is the place where Maria Theresa made the celebrated appeal to the chivalry of Hungary, which was answered by the flashing of swords from their scabbards, and the shout, "Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa!" This city was once the capital of Hungary, and is the place of coronation of its kings. You see, near the river, a spot where part of the coronation ceremonial is performed; the new king rides thither on horseback, and makes the sign of the cross with a sword, with other gestures, indicative of his determination to protect his country. But all these matters are so fully described in Mr. Murray's book, that a hasty traveller can do nothing better than transcribe from it pages, and, indeed, most travellers do so, hasty or not; and it is wonderful what a kindred feeling exists among the mass of voyagers as to scenes which come into these ubiquitous guide-books. Everybody has seen exactly what he is therein told to see (which is nearly everything worth seeing), and an English nobleman, whom I met at

Berlin, described a party whom he had joined on the road, as "very well-informed fellows—thoroughly up in their Murrays."

My most lively recollections of Presburg were derived from the *Bohemian Girl*, whose papa was stated to have resided there:—

"The Count is Count Arnheim; at Presburg he dwells,
Where the Danube goes murmuring by;
At Presburg, the city so old and so fine,
Where they make the sweet biscuits you eat with your wine,
Which a man in the Strand (I forget his name) sells,
And you cannot do better than try."

That irreverent introduction to a narrative of Miss Rainforth's woes, I am ashamed to say, came into its writer's head as, a dozen years after it had been forgotten, he stood on the castle height, and looked at sunset on the Danube. I should have been glad to be in a less flippant mood; but near where I had taken up my station, came two young ladies, who had brought some knitting and some onions, and who, seating themselves on a broad stone, alternated their "casting off," and "slipping," and "dropping," or other mystical manoeuvres, with large bites of the fragrant vegetable. As they laughed loud, and cheerful society is what a wise man should cultivate (according to several philosophers), I ventured to address them. I received from one, not the prettiest, but the one who spoke some French, information that there were not many ways to amuse oneself in Presburg; there were billiards, and there would be music, presently, in the principal promenade in the town; "some persons, also, courted ladies." The first resource I did not much care for; nor, indeed, for the second; and the third struck me as open to the objection that I had only about ten hours to remain in the place; so I took leave of the merry onion-eaters, and went to dinner at an hotel, where I found several parties assembled. Some little courtesy of the table brought on conversation with my nearest neighbours, a medical man, and three or four young military companions, and we gathered round the same lamp for a cigar. The Haynau affair was soon on the *tapis*, if that be a proper word for the well-waxed boards. Our medical friend was energetic upon that and all other subjects, and his zeal amused his friends, who once or twice evinced anxiety to impress upon me that it was only his way of talking, and that he meant nothing rude. He declaimed most eloquently upon the Banksian theme, and demanded why Lord Palmerston, if he really regretted the attack upon Haynau, did not give a lively colour to his protestations by distributing, off-hand, a plentiful allowance of flogging and imprisonment among the parties concerned. But this gentleman was habitually determined. He had a keen sense of religion, and was quite prepared to vindicate it, even at the expense of a little apparent harshness. The band, which, as my merry onion-ladies had promised, had begun to play in the square, struck up the march from Robert le Diable.

"Meyerbeer is liked in England, I think?" said one of the officers.

"Yes," I said, "so much so, that his three operas alone have carried one of our theatres through a brilliant season."

"He is an abominable man, and a blasphemer," remarked the medical gentleman; "and I should have great pleasure in meeting him in a boat."

While the others laughed, I was trying to explain to myself the logic of this choice of a nautical companion.

"Yes, assuredly," continued he. "You may laugh, gentlemen, but the whole object of that man's life is the overthrow of religion. All his works are wicked; but this last, *Le Prophète*, is the worst of all. He is a Jew, you know; that accounts for it."

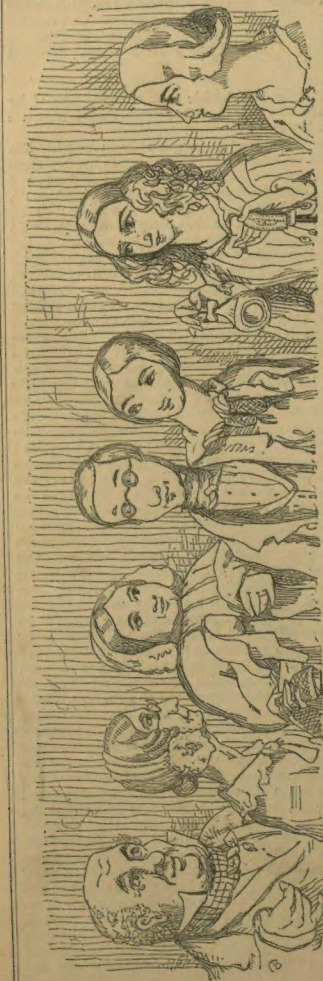
"There can be no wickedness in music," I said, "and, therefore, you must refer to the words. Now, M. Scribe is not a Jew." "No; but Meyerbeer tells him what to write. 'Write me,' says he, 'an attack on the Christian religion.' Scribe has no faith—what Frenchman has any? He doesn't care what he writes, so that he is paid. So out comes blasphemy like the *Prophète*, ridiculing our religion. I should like to meet M. Meyerbeer in a boat; it would give me much happiness."

"But why in a boat?"

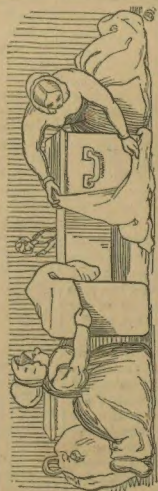
"Because I would take him by the neck, and put him under the water. If I had him in a boat, we should have no more blasphemy from M. Meyerbeer."

I do not remember that we sat in judgment upon anybody else that evening. I went to bed early—I should say to my bed-room—but found that the bed itself was such a mass of damp, and that a sheet I tore off fell with such a dead "flopping" sound, that I thought I had got into a hydropathist's room by mistake. After a few hours' sleep on a couch, I came down, with a cold body and a feverish mouth, to see what was going on. At the back of the room in which I had dined was a very large billiard-room, opening with French windows to the street. Seats ran round the room, which was completely lighted up. It looked like an immense cabin on board a steam-boat. People, waiting for the vessel, were lying about in every variety of discomfort—some wrapped in cloaks, others in sheepskins. The white uniform might be seen in the best corners, half hidden by the large mantle. Women, in that restless, nervous fidget which long "sitting up" (a very distinct thing from "staying up") causes, were changing their position fifty times in a minute, and glancing savagely at the lights; for one always charges one's restlessness on something out of reach. A few children were sprinkled about; some were crying, but most of them were dead asleep on the floor. Dreadful snoring was going on in various quarters. In one corner there was a species of bar, where the sleepest girl I ever saw yawned piteously in your face as she handed a glass of *liqueur*. A weary waiter was wandering about, sustaining himself by holding on to the billiard-tables. The scene was one of heat, and irritation, and unpleasantness. But everybody was not unhappy. One of the French windows had been unfastened, and some boys had come in—the waiter did not seem to notice them, but they were obviously surreptitious visitors, and were having a stealthy game at billiards at one of the tables. The game was rendered more complicated by the fact that on the floor and around the table were lying various slumberers, and in addition to the queer attitudes, such as those of quite turning one's back to the table, or, in revenge, sprawling all over it, like a frog, which, I presume, are *de rigueur* in the science of billiards, the players had to straddle over the fallen, or to get a good position among their legs. And they were not always successful in avoiding annoyance to the prostrate parties, and, indeed, one man, a sort of pedlar (he afterwards tried to cheat me, on board, but was defeated), lay awake expressly for the purpose of hitting with a stick at the ankles of any boy who came within range. I watched the game for some time; the lads were no novices, and played adroitly, as well as boldly; but the atmosphere was too unwholesome for long endurance. I went through the French window, and the change was delicious. I had emerged into the most beautiful of moonlight mornings. The sky was clear, and of the darkest and deepest blue; the air was keen and fresh. The lofty ruin of the palace rose well and sharply defined, as did the more prominent buildings of the town. But as I approached the Danube, the stream scarcely sparkled, and the banks looked dull and gloomy,—the river mist was beginning to rise. As the daylight came on, and the wet deck of the steamer received the passengers, the mist grew thicker and heavier, and as we left the quay at Presburg, Englishman as I am, I trembled for the credit of our London fogs. S. B.

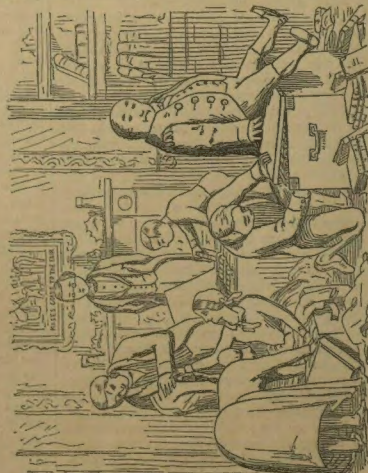
THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN, AN OXFORD FRESHMAN.—BY CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.—PART I.



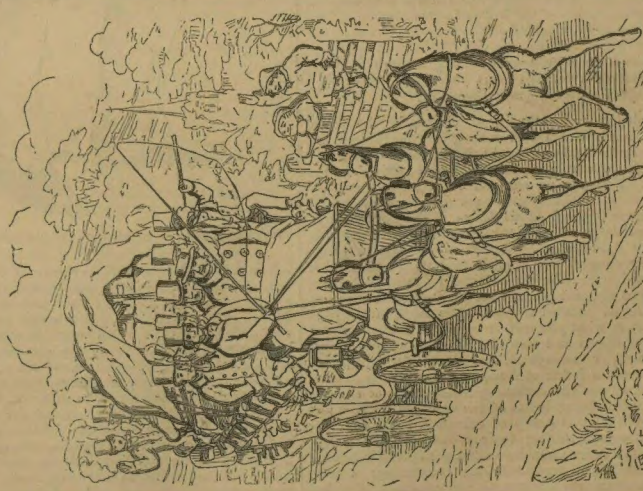
1.—Mr. Verdant Green, after receiving several Domestic Presents, considered essential to his University Career—including Worsted Stockings and Flannel Waistcoats from his Mother, Woollen Comforters and a Recipe for the Toothache from his Maiden Aunt, Miss Virginia Verdant, together with a Kuss, a Watch Pocket, and a Pair of elaborate Braces, from his Three Sisters—



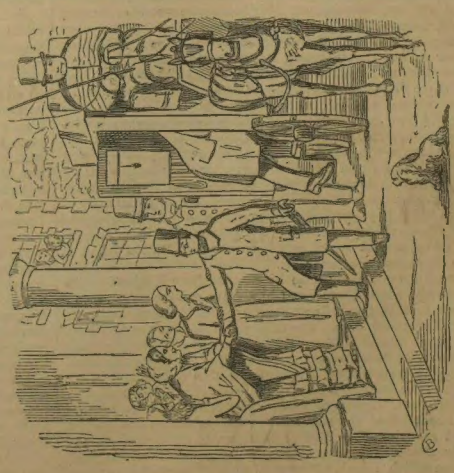
3.—Which Trunks are afterwards encased in Canvas, after the manner of Females!—



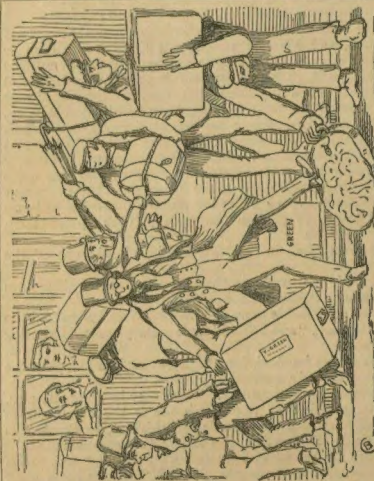
2.—And having seen to the Packing of his Trunks, which is effected by the united strength of the Establishment,



5.—The Coach is rather full, all the Passengers are Oxford Men, and as the Green, Sen., does not particularly enjoy the journey. He also feels much alarm at being driven down Hill by 'A mere Lad, Sir!' to whom the Coachman has given the 'Ribbons.'



4.—Ellis attes to the Manor Green, Warwickshire, and, with his Governor, starts to meet the Oxford Coach.



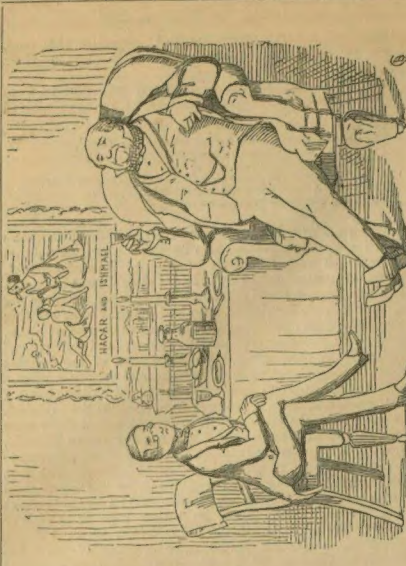
6.—Contrary to Mr. Green's expectations they arrive safely in Oxford and are set down at the Mire; where they are attacked by a horde of the Aborigines, in the guise of Impromptu Porters.



8.—Excited by the Port and the Discourse, Mr. Verdant Green passes a restless night, and dreams he gets a Froble First, and is made a Bishop.



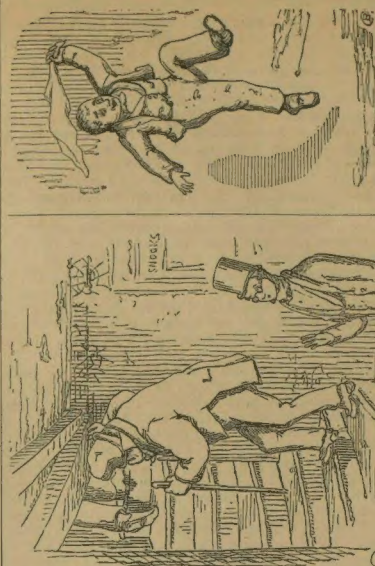
10.—Mr. Verdant Green, accompanied by his Governor, proceeds across Quad, to the rooms that have been secured for him. The Scout shows them the way to 'Third Floor, No. 4, Staircase, First Quad.'



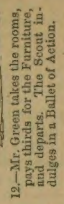
7.—Having been rescued from the Aborigines, Mr. Verdant Green and his Governor enjoy a snug Dinner at the Mire. Under the influence of the famous Oxford Port, Mr. Green, Sen., gives his Son much advice as to his University Career.



9.—In the morning they proceed to St. Boniface's, and call upon the Head of the College, Dr. Portman, who wrote the celebrated 'Disquisition (in 8 vols.) on the Greek Particle; and Mr. Verdant Green, having passed his Matriculation Examination some months previously, is formally admitted a member of St. Boniface's College, Oxford.



11.—Mr. Green, Sen., pronouncing an anathema on the staircase, the Scout defends it. 'Very awkward staircase, sir! The gentleman I soon get used to it, sir.'



12.—Mr. Green takes the rooms, pays thirds for the Furniture, and, in the afternoon, indulges in a Ballet of Action.